# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 36


### AWAY WITH IDLE SORROW.

BY AARON SMITH.

Away with idle sorrow;
'Tis faithless to repine:
A brighter day to-morrow,
Thou lorn one, may be thine.

Life's trials, all must share them,
Till gather'd 'neath the sod;
Take hope, poor heart, and bear them,
By leaning more on God.

Away with idle sorrow—
The noble heart and brave
Will ne'er upturn a furrow
To make itself a grave.

Still fragrant bloom the roses,
Though thorns may lurk conceal'd;
And life's most barren desert
Some oasis doth yield.

# A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE famous trial was over; the "sensation" was at an end. The accused Claude Lennox stood once more free amongst his fellow-men. Loud cheers greeted him, loud acclamations followed him. He was the popular idol.

His friends surrounded him. "Bravo, Claude, old friend! I thought it would come right. We knew you were innocent. But what a terrible thing circumstantial evidence is!"

Claude stood in the midst of a large circle of well-wishers. Colonel Lennox, whose anger all vanished when he found his nephew in real danger, stood by his side. He seemed to have grown older and grayer.

"It was a narrow escape for you, Claude," he said, and his voice trembled and his limbs shook.

"My thanks are due to Heaven," said the young man, reverently. "Humanly speaking, I owe my life to the brave girl who has risked everything to save me. Oh, uncle, where is she? We are talking idly here when I owe my life to her; and I know all she has suffered and lost to save me."

They went back hurriedly to the court, but there was no trace of Hyacinth. People stood in little groups in the street, and of every group she was the subject of conversation.

"I shall never forget her," said one woman, "if I live to be a hundred years old. They may talk about heroines if they like, but I never heard of one braver than she has been."

"Did you hear that, uncle?" cried Claude. "How they admire her! She is noble, good, and true. I know what it has cost her to come forward; I know what a home she has had—her people all so rigid, so cold, so formal. How am I to thank her?"

"Marry her at once, Claude," said Colonel Lennox.

"She would not have me. You do not know her, uncle; she is truth itself. How many girls do you think would have had the resolution to turn back on such a journey as she had begun? She does not love me, I am sure, but after what has happened to-day I would die for her, if my death could serve her. Where is she? My mother must take her home at once."

They made inquiries, but there was no trace of her. In the general confusion that had ensued, amid the crowding of friends to congratulate Claude, and the hurrying of witnesses, no one had noticed her. She had been the centre of observation for a brief interval, and then she had disappeared, and no one had noticed which way she went. Colonel Lennox and Claude were both deeply grieved; they sought Hyacinth everywhere, they sent messages all over the town, but no trace of her could be found. Claude was almost desperate; he had made every arrangement—his mother was to take her back to Belgrave Square, and he himself was to go at once to Bergheim to win Hyacinth's pardon from her relatives there.

"There is nothing," he said to himself, over and over again, "that I would not do for her."

He was bitterly disappointed; he would not leave Loadstone until every instruction had been given for communication with him or with Colonel Lennox if any news should be heard of her. When this was done, he complied with his mother's anxious entreaty and returned with her to London.

"It has been a narrow escape," she said, with a shudder, "and a terrible disgrace. I cannot bear to think of it. You, with your unblemished name, your high position and prospects in life, to be accused of wilful murder! I do not believe you will ever live it down, Claude."

"Yes, he will," cried the Colonel, heartily; "whoever remembers his disgrace, as you term it, will remember also that he was saved by the truth and bravery of the finest and noblest girl in England."

"I will redeem my character, mother," said Claude, earnestly; "this has made a true man of me. I was not very earnest before, but I have paid a terrible price for a boyish escapade. The future with me shall atone for the past."

"The boy is right enough," cried the Colonel; "what he says is perfectly true. He wanted more of earnest purpose, and the ordeal that he has just undergone will give it to him. He shall not suffer for the mistake. I will say now what I have never said before—Claude shall be my heir; and," added the old Colonel, with unconscious egotism, "the world will easily pardon the youthful escapades of the master of Oakton Park."

So Claude's mother did not return quite broken-hearted to London. The trial had been a nine-days' wonder—a great sensation; but people seemed more inclined to blame the stupidity of Hyacinth's relatives than the young man, whose fault had been simply that of loving a lovely girl too well. Mrs. Lennox watched anxiously to see if her son had lost caste; but she could not perceive that he had. He was heir of the rich old Indian colonel—heir of Oakton Park. The Duchess of Grandecour invited him to Rummere Park, and Lady Anstey gave him pretty clearly to understand that her daughters knew how to appreciate him.

"No great harm has been done," sighed the anxious mother, "and I may thank that brave young girl for matters being no worse."

On the third day after the assizes had begun a gentleman—a stranger—drove up hurriedly to the Loadstone court house. His handsome face was white and haggard, his eyes were dim with fear. He looked as though he had been traveling night and day, and had known neither sleep nor rest.

He sprang impatiently from the carriage and hurried up the steps of the court-house. He saw one of the officers standing inside, and he went up to him eagerly.

"Has the trial for murder commenced?" he asked.

"It is over, sir. It was finished the day that it was begun."

"Tell me about it, please. Make haste—my time is precious. Was there a young lady—did a young lady come to give evidence?"

"Yes—and her evidence saved the prisoner's life, sir. I will tell you as briefly as I can."

He repeated what had taken place, and, as he spoke, an expression of pity came over the handsome face of the listener.

"Poor child," he murmured to himself—"my brave, noble love! What was the young lady's name?" he asked, aloud.

"Vaughan, sir—I remember it well—Hyacinth Vaughan."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, remunerating his informant. "And now can you tell me where she is? Where did she go after the trial?"

"There are many would like to know that, sir. Colonel Lennox has offered a hundred pounds to any one who will bring him news of her. I should say every inch of ground in Loadstone has been searched over and over again."

Adrian Darcy—for it was he—looked at the man in bewildered surprise.

"You do not mean to tell me that she is lost?" he cried.

"She is indeed, sir. There have been advertisements, and rewards have been offered; but all has been in vain. The gentleman whose life she saved—Mr. Lennox—is almost wild about her disappearance. But, if you are interested in the case, read the report in the Loadstone Journal. It is a splendid one."

"Lost!" repeated Adrian. "It is impossible! Oh, my darling, my child-like, innocent love, what terrible fate has befallen you?"

## CHAPTER XX.

The search that Adrian Darcy made proved as unsatisfactory as that which had been conducted by Colonel Lennox. Do what he would, Adrian could find no trace of Hyacinth. He was not long in procuring a copy of the Loadstone Journal, and there, in simple, truthful words, he read her story. His first feeling was one of intense indignation against Claude Lennox.

"She is so young," he said to himself—"so young and so easily led. Her very simplicity ought to have been her shield. How could he betray the trust she placed in him?"

Then he saw what was said of Claude. He was young, handsome, gifted, eagerly sought after, greatly admired. It was not to be wondered at that a girl who had led the retired, dull, monotonous life of Hyacinth Vaughan should have been dazzled by him and have placed implicit faith in him.

But, after all, she did not love him. If she had, she would not have repented of her elopement before it was concluded—she would not have returned home. It had been but a temporary charm after all. She had doubtless been captivated by his handsome face.

Youth invariably loves youth. It must have been a novelty to her, living as she did in the midst of old people, who, though kind, were cold and formal, to meet some one lively, gay, and fascinating. It was not wonderful that she should let her calmer, better judgment sleep, and act under his influence.

It was such a simple story, and she had told it so clearly, with such humble acknowledgement of her own fault in every word—with such an entire conviction that in coming forward to save Claude Lennox she had lost every hope in life—that his heart ached as he read.

He could picture that fair sweet face, with its sorrowful eyes and quivering lips, the centre of all observation in that crowded court. He could almost feel the shock and the horror that had mastered her when she found that she must appear in public and tell in public the story that she had never dared to tell even him.

"My poor Hyacinth!" he said. "Oh, if she had but trusted me—if she had but told me herself of this error, and not left me to hear it from others! I can forgive that half elopement; it was but a shadow of a sin after all, repented of before it was half committed, and atoned for by bitter suffering. But I find it hard to forgive her for not having trusted me."

Then, again, he remembered how young, how shy, how timid she was.

"I must not be hard on her, not even in my thoughts," he said; "perhaps she intended to tell me when she was more at ease with me."

Then, as the simple story of her heroism told upon him, he ceased to think of her faults, and was lost in admiration of her courage.

"How many there are," he thought, "who would have let the prisoner take his chance, and would have thought more of saving their reputation than of preserving his life! How simple and brave, how true and loyal she is! Oh, Cynthy, my lost love, if you had but trusted me!"

He took up the Times, and there found the story told again. All notice of her fault was quite hidden by the admiration expressed for her courage, her unselfish heroism, her undaunted bravery.

"If I could but find her," he said—"find her and tell her the world admires instead of condemning her!"

He understood better than any one her sensitive disposition; he knew that she would deem herself all unworthy—that she would look upon herself as lost to home, to friends, to hope, to happiness, to love; he knew how her tender conscience magnified even trifling faults, and his heart grew heavy for her. Where was she? What was she doing? What would become of her?

He redoubled his efforts, but they were all in vain. After days and weeks fruitlessly spent, he returned to Bergheim, having no good news to tell.

By the stately Baronet and his wife Adrian's story was heard without one comment. Lady Vaughan's fair old face grew cold and sad.

"Did she—the child I trusted—deceive me so far as to leave my roof with a stranger? Tell me no more, Adrian; my heart is heavy and sore. This is the first taint that has ever fallen on the Vaughans."

"You must not call it a taint," cried Adrian. "Do not forget how young she was, how full of poetry and romance, how easily persuaded—a girl like Hyacinth would be but as a reed in the hands of Claude Lennox."

"The Vaughans are never weak, Adrian; they have ever been a brave and noble race."

"Not one of them has been braver or more noble than Hyacinth," cried Adrian, hotly. "I do not say that she is without fault, or that she is not to blame; but I do say the atonement made far exceeds the fault. Think of the courage required for a young girl like her to stand up in a public court and tell the story of an error like hers, even though it was so quickly repented of."

"Think of the shame," said Lady Vaughan, with a shudder.

But Adrian would not have it so. He told Lady Vaughan what the newspapers said of her grand-daughter.

"To me," remarked the lady, "it is almost immaterial whether the papers praise

her or blame her; the disgrace lies in such a name as hers being in the newspapers at all."

But Sir Arthur was not quite so hard.

"She must have been very dull at Queen's Chase," he said. "I have often thought so. There was not a young face about the place but hers. That young Lennox is very handsome—just the man to take a girl's fancy."

"You have used the right word, Sir Arthur," said Adrian. "He did stir her fancy, but not her heart; he stirred her imagination. I have no doubt that in his eloquent way he made her believe that in leaving home she was doing something very grand and heroic. See how quickly her better judgment came to her aid, and how quickly she repented of her error."

"It is very noble of you to defend her," said Lady Vaughan, "but I—I cannot hold with you. She was the dearly loved child of my old age—all my hopes rested on her. I thought I had preserved her life like a lily in the shade; and the result of al my care was an elopement and a public appearance in a court of justice. Oh, Adrian, say no more to me—say no more!"

He found it was useless to defend Hyacinth; the proud and stately old lady could not brook the idea.

"No lady—mind, I mean no true lady—ever makes a public sensation. The child has ruined, blighted her whole life, and no one can help her."

But even Lady Vaughan, after her first resentment had died away, began to share Adrian's uneasiness.

"It would have been better," she said, "if the child had returned to us and had lived it down."

It dawned upon her at last, as it did upon all of them, that Hyacinth believed herself cut off from them for ever.

"It shows, at least," said Lady Vaughan, "how keenly she felt the enormity of the wrong done."

As the long months passed on, and no news came of Hyacinth, the hot, proud anger died from Lady Vaughan, and the fair old face grew wistful and sad; her grandchild's offence grew less in her eyes, and the great atonement made grew greater; and then other events happened. Lord Chandon died, and Adrian Darcy was obliged to return to England. Sir Arthur absolutely refused to remain at Bergheim without him.

"We must go home some time, my lady," he said; "why not now? After all, I think you exaggerate what you call the disgrace. Let us go. People I am sure will not distress us by even mentioning the matter."

And Sir Arthur was right. Whatever opinions might have been expressed amongst the inhabitants of Oakton, they had, one and all, too much respect for the stately mistress of Queen's Chase to speak their minds before her. It was understood that Miss Vaughan preferred remaining abroad, so there was no more to be said.

No one knew how sorely the sweet face was missed from the old mansion, or what long hours Lady Vaughan spent in wondering what had become of Hyacinth. Sir Arthur and his wife settled down to the old life again, but they found out then how much brightness had vanished with the fair face they missed so sorely.

The new Lord Chandon took possession of his estate; there was no difficulty about it; he was the direct heir, and the old lord had always spoken of him as his successor. He took possession of Chandon Court, with its magnificent rent-roll, and its thousand treasures of art; but, despite his wealth, his position, and his grandeur, Lord Adrian was the most unhappy of men. He would have given all he had, and all he ever hoped to enjoy, to find Hyacinth Vaughan; he would have poured out his wealth like water so that he might find her. But long months had passed now since the day on which she disappeared, and no news had been heard of her yet.

## CHAPTER XXI.

AS HYACINTH VAUGHAN left the Loadstone Assize Court she drew her veil tightly over her face, and, looking to neither right nor left, made her way through the dense crowd of people. No one noticed her; they were all too busily engaged in discussing the events of the trial. She had not the least idea whither she was going, or what she was about to do; all she remembered was that she had broken every tie that bound her past life, that it was all dead to her, and that she had saved Claude.

How vividly, as she walked through the long street, there came back to her a remembrance of one day when she had driven over with Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan to Loadstone! What a deep gulf lay between that time and this! Then people had bowed to her as though she had been some great lady, and honor and respect had been shown to her. Now, homeless, friendless, she was a fugitive in that same town, and knew not where to lay her head.

She walked until her limbs ached, and then she stopped suddenly, for the first time asking herself where she was going—what she was going to do. "For I am dead," she said to herself, with a low moan, "to all who knew me—dead to my beautiful past. There is no Hyacinth Vaughan. And what is to become of the wretched girl who once bore the name? I do not know."

She must go somewhere—she could not pace the long street and the silent road all night; she must rest or she should fall, a helpless inert mass, on the ground. Suddenly she came to the railway-station; a porter was shouting—

"Trains for London! Passengers for London, take your seats!"

She could not account for the impulse which led her to purchase a ticket and take her place in a second-class carriage for London. She had no idea what she should do when she should reach her destination.

It was a rest to sit alone in the carriage—a luxury to close the tired eyes, and say to herself she had no more to do, for Claude was saved; yet, when her eyes were closed, so many strange scenes flashed before them, that she opened them with a terrified cry. It seemed to her that she was too tired even to rest, and that the aching pains in her limbs grew worse; her eyes burned, and her head throbbed with pain.

Yet through it all—through fatigue and pain—there was the great relief that Claude was saved. Of Adrian she dared not think. She knew that this "fiery sorrow" was waiting for her when she should regain strength and calmness, when she could look it in the face; as it was, she shrank, sick and shuddering, from it. She put it from her. She would have none of it. If she had then remembered all about Adrian Darcy, she would have gone mad, and nothing could have saved her.

The train sped on. When she dared not keep her eyes closed any longer, she watched the fields and trees as the train whirled by. It was strange how mingled were her thoughts; at one time she was at Queen's Chase, sitting with Lady Vaughan in the silent rooms; at another she was with Claude in the faint, rosy morning dawn, and the murdered woman was lying under the hedge; then she was with Adrian by the waterfall, and he was telling her that he should love her for evermore; then she stood beside a green grave in a country churchyard, over which the foliage of a tree drooped—beneath was a stone with the inscription, "Hyacinth Vaughan—aged eighteen."

From all these mingled dreams and visions she woke with a terrified scream.

"If I cannot sleep," she thought to herself, "I shall go mad."

Then everything went black before her eyes, her head fell back, and she knew no more until loud, strange voices shouted "Euston Square."

She was in the great Babylon at last. So young, so lovely, so simple in her childlike innocence; alone, unprotected, unknown in the streets of that great city; having neither home nor friends—having neither brain nor mind clear—what was to save her? She left the carriage, and sat for some time on one of the seats on the platform; the same heaviness, the same strange mixture of past and present confused her.

"I must sleep," she said to herself—"I must sleep, or I shall go mad." She rose and walked out of the station. What a labyrinth of streets, squares, and houses! Where could she find rest? Suddenly across the bewildered mind came one clear thought.

"I have money, and I must take lodgings—I can pay for them; and, in a room of my own, I can sleep until my brain is clear."

She walked slowly down one street and up another, but saw no announcement of "Lodgings to Let." Then she fancied all the houses were reeling, and the sky closing in upon her. The next moment they were steady again, and she was standing, looking wildly around. Again she walked on a little farther, and then became sick, faint, and giddy.

"This is something more than want of sleep," she said to herself. "I am ill. I cannot walk—I cannot stand. Everything is reeling round me."

Suddenly her eyes fell on a brass plate on the door of a house quite near—"Doctor Chalmers."

"I will consult him," she thought. "Perhaps he can prescribe something that will take this dreadful feeling away."

She went up the little flight of steps and knocked. Then it seemed as though the door were falling on her, and she seized one of the iron railings, to save herself from falling. A neat maid-servant opened the door.

"Is Doctor Chalmers at home?" asked Hyacinth; and the sound of her own voice struck her as being so strange that she hardly knew it.

"Yes, miss," was the smiling reply.

"I wish to see him," said Hyacinth.

"What name shall I give?" asked the maid.

"None—I am quite a stranger."

She was shown into the surgery, and sat down in a large leather chair. A strange drowsy calm came over her. She pulled off her veil, and laid her tired head on the chair.

Some few minutes elapsed before Doctor Chalmers entered the surgery; and, when he did so, he started back in wonder that was half alarm. There, in the large easy-chair, sat a girl, quite young, and lovely as a vision. The whole face, so white and rigid, was peacefully beautiful—he had never seen anything like it before. A profusion of golden hair had fallen over an arm of the chair, and two little white hands were convulsively clasped together. Doctor Chalmers went a few steps nearer, and then his keen professional instinct told him that this was not sleep. The girl seemed perfectly unconscious.

He spoke to her, once, twice, thrice. She made no answer; she did not hear him. The Doctor was wondering what he should do, when she started up with a loud cry.

"He is innocent—he is quite innocent! Oh, shall I be in time to save him?"

She sprang towards the door, but never reached it, for, with a low moaning cry, she fell senseless on the floor. He raised her and laid her on the couch, and then opened the door hastily and went to the foot of the stairs.

"Mother," he called, "will you come down? I want you at once!"

A kindly-looking lady with a pleasant comely face entered the room.

"Look here," said Doctor Robert Chalmers, pointing to the white figure. "What are we to do, mother?"

Mrs. Chalmers went up to Hyacinth; with soft womanly touch she put back the rich clustering hair, with keen womanly eyes she noted the loveliness of the white face.

"Has she fainted? Who is she?" she asked of her son.

"I do not know—I had no time to speak to her. She is some lady who has called for medical advice, no doubt. It seems to me more like a case of incipient brain fever than of mere fainting; by the strange way in which she cried out I should imagine her to be quite delirious."

Then they both stood for some minutes gazing in silence on that exquisite face.

"She does not look more than eighteen," said the Doctor—"she is very young. What shall we do with her, mother?"

The lady laid her hand on her son's arm.

"We must do as the good Samaritan did when he found his fellow-man wounded and helpless by the wayside," was the gentle reply.

## CHAPTER XXII.

IT WAS in September that the poor distraught girl went in the madness of her grief and pain to the doctor's house; and, if she had been a child of the house, she could not have been better treated. It was October when she opened her eyes with a faint gleam of reason in their troubled depths. She looked around in wonder; she had not the least idea where she was. The room she was in exquisitely neat and clean, there were some fine engravings on the walls, the furniture was of quaint design, and there were a few vases and ornaments; yet it had neither the almost royal grandeur of Queen's Chase nor the simple luxury of the hotel at Bergheim. Where was she? Why was she lying in this strange place with this feeling of weakness and weariness upon her?

Presently a kind, motherly, comely face bent over her, and a quiet, soothing voice said—

"I am so glad to find you a little better, my dear."

"Have I been very ill?" she asked; and the sound of her voice was so faint, so unlike her own that it seemed as though it came from a great distance.

"Yes, you have been very ill, dear child."

"Where am I?" she asked; and the kind face smiled again.

"I will tell you all about it when you are a little better. You are quite safe, and with good friends. Try to drink this and go to sleep again."

Hyacinth drank something that was warm and nice, and then looked up in the kindly face.

"Do you know," she said, "it is very strange, but I have really forgotten my own name."

She laughed a little hysterical laugh, and Mrs. Chalmers looked anxious.

"I must forbid you to speak again," she said; "my son is the doctor, and, if you disobey me, I shall summon him."

Hyacinth closed her eyes; a quiet sense of rest fell over her, and she was asleep again.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Chalmers, looking at her. "Who is she, I wonder, and what is her name?"

She slept so long that the kind-hearted woman began to feel uneasy. She went down and told her son.

"Sleeping, is she? Then do not wake her; sleep is the best medicine for her. Mind she has plenty of port wine and beef tea."

"She says she has forgotten her own name," said Mrs. Chalmers, anxiously.

"She will be all right by-and-by, mother. I only hope the return of memory will not bring her pain."

The next time Hyacinth opened her eyes she saw a keen, kind, shrewd face looking at her own, a pair of dark eyes that smiled as she smiled.

"You are getting better," said Doctor Chalmers.

She raised her hand to her head, and then a slight look of alarm crossed her face.

"Where is my hair?" she asked, wonderingly.

"We sacrified your hair to save your brain," he replied; "it was all cut off."

Then he heard her give a profound sigh, and he guessed that memory was returning. He took one of the thin worn hands in his.

"I do not want you to think of painful things just now," he said. "Will you bear in mind that nothing but absolute rest will restore you to health, and compose yourself accordingly?"

Hyacinth did as she was advised; she discarded all painful thoughts from her mind, and consequently slept as she had not slept for many long weeks.

She awoke one morning calm and composed, with reason and memory fully restored. She knew that she was Hyacinth Vaughan. Slowly and by degrees the terrible past returned to her.

"I was in time, thank Heaven!" she said. "I was in time!" She remembered the crowded court—the hundreds of eyes that had been turned upon her—the thunders of applause that none of the officers could repress—the ringing cheers that followed Claude's release. But after that all was a blank. She remembered nothing that had passed since she stood in the assize court, blind and dizzy, until she opened her eyes in this pretty room.

White, fragile, worn almost to a shadow, helpless as a child, she lay there now with reason in full sway. Dead to her life, to her friends, her hopes, her plans—dead to her lover and her love—she was painfully beginning a new life, in which none of these had any part—a new life into which she felt that hope, love, or happiness would never come.

* * * * * *

A week later, and Hyacinth Vaughan, looking like a frail shadow of her former self, sat, propped up by pillows, in a large easy-chair that had been placed for her near the window; her nerveless hands were clasped, her large eyes, so sad and dreamy, lingered on the clouds that drifted rapidly over the sky.

She was alone, and deeply engrossed in thought; the time had come when she must speak to these people who had been so kind to her—when she must tell them something of herself. They had been so kind to her, so attentive, so considerate—they had never even asked her name. Mrs. Chalmers always called her "child." Her son had a variety of names for her, the principal of which was Queen Mab. Such kindness could spring only from noble and generous hearts. Both mother and son had refrained from asking her any questions. Said Doctor Chalmers to his mother—

"When she knows us, and feels that she can trust us, she will speak."

They had both divined that there had been some terrible sorrow in the girl's life—some sorrow that had struck her down and brought her to the brink of the grave. They knew, too, that she must be a lady of good birth and refinement. But never by word or deed did they distress her by the least sympton of curiosity. They had gone still further—when she attempted to say anything Mrs. Chalmers had laid kindly fingers on her trembling lips, and said—

"Hush! Wait until you are stronger and better, my dear, and then you shall talk."

But now the time had come when she knew that she must speak to them—must thank them for such kindness as the world rarely shows—must tell them how she was dead, but had risen to this new, fresh life in which the past was to have neither share nor place. The task was terrible to her, but she must undergo it.

It seemed a direct answer to her thoughts when the door opened and Doctor Chalmers came in with his mother. The Doctor carried with him a bunch of purple grapes, which he laid before her.

"How kind you are to me!" she said, with trembling lips. "I have been thinking all the morning, How can I thank you? How can I ever repay you?"

"Doctors never expect thanks," said Doctor Chalmers; "and we are repaid by your recovery."

But the beautiful eyes were filled with tears. She took the old lady's hand and raised it to her lips. The Doctor held up his finger in warning, but Hyacinth said—

"Let me speak—do let me speak. I can not live in this silence and constraint any longer."

"Let her speak, Robert," said his mother; "it will be best."

Hyacinth kissed again the kindly hand she held in hers. She took the Doctor's and clasped them both together.

"You have been so kind to me," she said. "I can never repay you. I have no money to pay even for the necessaries you have given to me. I know you do not want it, but I cannot understand how it is that you have been so good to me."

"My dear child," cried Mrs. Chalmers, "we have done nothing but what every Christian should. You came by accident to us, sick unto death, unhappy, friendless, and homeless, as it seemed—what less could we do than take you in and succor you? We could not send you sick and almost dying into the streets."

"No, but you might have sent me to some hospital. I am sure that few would have done to me as you have done."

"We have only done what we thought was right—no more."

"What you have done to me," returned Hyacinth, "I pray Heaven to return to you a thousandfold. I can never sufficiently thank you. But I want to say something else to you."

Her face grew so white, and her lips trembled so, that the Doctor was on the point of forbidding another word. She looked piteously at him.

"Let me speak," she said; "the weight on my heart is so great I can hardly bear it. Were I to do what I wish, I should tell you all my story; but think of me as mercifully as you can—I am dead in life."

They looked at her in utter wonder. In the same faint, hopeless voice she continued—

"I am dead to my home—I shall never see it again; and to my friends—I shall never see them again. I am dead to all the hopes that once made earth like heaven for me."

Her voice died away in a faint, moaning sob, and there was silence—silence that was broken at last by the clear, deep voice of the Doctor.

"Will you tell us why this is?" he asked.

"I cannot," she replied. "I can only trust to your mercy. I cannot tell you either my name or my station, or what has slain me when life was most sweet."

"Did you do something very wrong?" asked Mrs. Chalmers, with a shadow on her kindly face.

Hyacinth raised her beautiful eyes to the drifting clouds which she could see from the window.

"I did something," she replied—"but, no—I do not think it was so very wrong; hundreds do it, and never think it wrong at all. I only planned it; a fear that it might be wrong came over me, and I did not do it. But the consequences of even the little I did—the shadow as it were of the sin—fell over me, and my whole life is darkened."

"You can tell us no more?" said the Doctor.

"No," she replied, mournfully; "I throw myself on your mercy."

"She has never done anything wrong, Robert," interrupted Mrs. Chalmers, addressing her son; "take my word for it. Look at that innocent face, those clear, true eyes—no one could believe they were coupled with guilt. I trust you, my dear," she added, turning to Hyacinth. "Keep your secret—never mind it; I believe in you, and shall never ask what it is."

A grateful look came over the girl's face.

"Thank you," she said. "You are right. I am not wicked. In one action of my life I was imprudent and foolish; the consequences of that action, which could not have been foreseen by any one, have crushed me. I am not wicked. See, I ask you to let me kiss your face. If my lips were stained with false words, I would not—I could not do so. I clasp your hands—ah, such true kind hands they have been to me!—in my own; but, if mine were stained with crime, I could not do it."

"I believe you, my dear," said Mrs. Chalmers; "you need say no more."

"I tell you this," continued the girl. "I had a name as old and honored as any in the land; but I have laid it down, and shall never use it again. I had friends—kind, strict, noble, and generous; I have looked my last upon them. I had—ah, dear Heaven, it is hard to say!—I had a lover, whom I loved dearly, and his face I have looked upon for the last time. I am dead to all—dead in life!"

Her voice faltered, and she broke into a passionate fit of weeping. During this time the Doctor had spoken never a word, but now he bent over her.

"Child," he said, "you are so young, so simple, that, if any wrong has been done, you have been sinned against, not the sinner. Like my mother, I trust you. We have neither daughter nor sister; you shall be both. Our home shall be your home—what we have you shall share with us as long as life lasts."

She kissed the strong hand clasped in her own; her warm tears fell on it.

"You are very good to me," she said, "and, though I tell you that I come to you as one risen from the dead—though I have no name, no friends—you will trust me, you believe in me?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Chalmers, calmly. "I have not studied the human face all these years to be mistaken at last. I trust you implicitly."

"You must have a name," cried Mrs. Chalmers; "all the world need not know what we know. People will think you are ward or protege of mine; but you must have a name."

"Let her take ours, mother," suggested her son. But Hyacinth's face flushed.

"That would hardly do, I will give you mine, my dear, the name that was mine in my girlhood—people used to think it a pretty one, Millicent Holte. Millicent Holte—that is the name you must assume," said Mrs. Chalmers to Hyacinth; "and, though I was never so pretty or so sweet as you are, still I was a very happy girl—and I do not like to see a young life blighted. Kiss me, Millicent; you shall be like a daughter to me."

"I do not remember my own mother," observed the girl, simply, laying her fair head on the kindly breast, "and I thank Heaven for sending me to you."

"Before we finish this subject at once and for ever," said the Doctor, "let me ask you, Millicent, is there anything that I can do for you in connection with your secret? If so, speak to me just as freely as though I were your brother, and command me as you will."

"You can do nothing," she answered, mournfully. "I should not have given up but that I knew all hope was past; nothing can undo what has been done—nothing can remove, nothing lighten its shadow."

"Are you unjustly punished?" he asked.

"Sometimes I think so, but I cannot tell."

"We will not mention the matter again," said the Doctor, kindly—"we will think only of the new life and getting well. As a preparatory step to the latter, let me tell you that you must eat all these grapes, and then lie down and sleep again."

For the sweet face had grown so white and worn, so pale and tired—he saw that the effort she had made had been a most painful one.

"We will leave her alone, mother," he said.

But before Mrs. Chalmers quitted the room she unlocked a drawer and took from it a small purse; this she placed in Millicent's hand.

"This is yours, my dear," she said; "it fell from your pocket the evening you came here."

The sight of the little purse almost unnerved her. She remembered how Adrian had laughed at it, and had promised to buy her one new with golden clasps. She took it, and then looked wistfully in the lady's face.

"No, my dear," said Mrs. Chalmers—"it is not to be thought of for one moment. What my son and I have done has not been for gain. Keep it, my poor child; you will need it in this new life that lies before you."

Then they left her alone, and the thoughts that mastered her were very sad ones. This new life looked almost terrible, now that she was brought face to face with it. She began to wonder what they were doing at home, whether she should ever hear their names again, whether Adrian was still with them, and what he now thought of her. How he must despise himself for having ever loved her—she who had been the subject of popular comment and gossip—she whose name had been upon every lip! He who admired delicacy and refinement, how he must dislike her! She checked herself.

"I must not think of it," she said, "or I shall go mad."

Meanwhile mother and son had gone down to the cosy dining-room, and stood looking at each other in silence.

"It is a strange story, mother," said Doctor Chalmers; "I cannot understand it. What should you think the poor girl has been doing?"

"I cannot even form an idea," replied Mrs. Chalmers; "she has done nothing wrong—I am quite sure of that."

"Yet it must have been something very grave and serious to drive a girl from her home and her friends—to cause her to give up her name, and to be, as she says, dead in life."

"Something unusually grave, no doubt, but without wrong on her part; I could no more doubt her than I could myself. However unhappy or unfortunate she may be, she is good, true, pure, innocent, and simple as a child."

"Yes, I believe so, but it puzzles me to know what her story can be. Still, we have taken her now to ourselves, poor child; so we must make her strong and well and happy."

"Robert," said Mrs. Chalmers, gently—and she looked anxiously at her son's handsome, clever face—"be as kind as you will to her, but, my dear, do not fall in love with her."

"You may depend upon it, mother," he returned—and his face flushed and he laughed uneasily—"that, even if I should do so, I will never say one word about it. I shall think of Millicent, poor child, as of some petted younger sister, and do my best for her."

Then the Doctor opened a ponderous volume, and his mother knew that all conversation was at an end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES.—The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Balbi enumerated eight hundred and sixty, which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages, and five thousand which may be regarded as dialects.

Adulgung, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up three thousand and sixty-four languages and dialects, existing, and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages, we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities; for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

It is said there are little islands, lying close together in the South Sea, the inhabitants of which do not understand each other.

Of the eight hundred and sixty distinct languages enumerated by Balbi, fifty-three belong to Europe, one hundred and fourteen to Africa, one hundred and twenty-three to Asia, four hundred and seventeen to America, one hundred and seventeen to Oceanica—by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindostan and South America.

ENGLISH country houses have fires in only a few sitting rooms, the halls are cold and there are no bath rooms. When the Romans occupied the same country years ago every villa was thoroughly heated with hot air pipes, and had both Turkish and cold plunge baths. Within one enclosure are the remains of a Roman house, built more than sixteen hundred years ago, perfectly fitted with heating and bathing appliances, and a moderate house—six times the size of the other—warmed with four open grates.

## Bric-a-Brac.

VALENTINES.—Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakespeare," has suggested that the custom of choosing valentines may have descended to us from the ancient Romans, who, during the festival of the Lupercalia, celebrated about the middle of February in honor of Pan, and also of Juno, were wont, among various other ceremonies, to put the put the names of young women into a box, from which they were drawn by the young men, as chance might direct.

HOW THE CRANE PUNISHED HIS THANKS.—There was once a crane in the Zoological Gardens that taught an impudent sparrow a lesson in good manners. The sparrow kept on teasing the crane while the latter was at dinner. No one likes to be annoyed during a meal, and we cannot be surprised that the big bird took a cruel revenge. Pretending to take no notice of the sparrow, the crane allowed it to come within striking range, and all on a sudden drove its beak into it. Failing to kill the little thing, however, the passionate crane then held it below the water in its tank, and but for the keeper (who managed to rescue it), the sparrow would have been drowned. Both birds were in the wrong, were they not?

THE ARTFULNESS OF THE ANT.—Like many other insects, the ant is very fond of sugar, to obtain which it employs a skill that is almost incredible. An observer thought he had protected his sugar basin from the attentions of a number of ants by placing it in the centre of the vessel full of water. To his amazement, however, he found that they got at the sugar by climbing up the wall of the room to the part of the ceiling that was just over the basin. From this spot they allowed themselves to fall down among the sugar. Several that were carried by the draught past the bowl fell into the surrounding water, and would all have been drowned but for the efforts of their mates, who succeeded in rescuing some of them. The truth of this singular occurrence is vouched for by the witness of it.

VARIATIONS OF THE DAY.—There are many variations of the usual custom of celebrating St. Valentine's Day in different parts of England. In Norfolk, the children catch each other—the mode being to say: "Good morrow, Valentine," which the victim must repeat before being spoken to again, under penalty of having to reward the catcher with a small gift; in which manner the elderly members of a household are sure to fall the prey of youthful adroitness. In Oxfordshire, the children go about collecting pence for their songs; and in Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, they still beg for gifts and penny loaves, singing, with sublime indifference to rhyme or reason:

"Curl your hair as I do mine,
Two afore and two behind,
And I will be your valentine."

GEE, UP!—"Gee, up!" and "Gee, woo!" both mean "Horse, get on!" In Notts and many other counties nurses say to young children. "Come and see the geegees." "Up" is a contraction of "stir up" (your stumps), and "woo" is a provincial pronunciation of "away" or "way," meaning. "Get on the way." In confirmation thereof we refer to two other terms used to horses: "Woo'lah," (bear away) and "Woo'lah, come hather" (hather to rhyme with father), i. e., bear away to the side on which the carter walks. There is not the least likelihood that "Gee, woo!" is the Italian gio, because gio will not fit in with any of the other terms, and it is absurd to suppose that the peasants would go to Italy for such a word. "Woo!" (stop or halt) is quite another word. The carter or team man walks on the left side. Wo, or woh, is a turning.

WHY A SHADRACH IS SO CALLED.—Every child knows the wonderful story that tells how the three Hebrews, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, went through the fiery furnace at the bidding of cruel King Nebuchadnezzar, and yet passed forth unscorched. It is rather curious to find, at the present day, the name of one of these Jews used in a sense that is meant to commemorate the miracle. Such, however, is the case. It seems that sometimes a bit of iron or iron ore goes through the smelting furnace without being affected by the heat. And a piece of iron like like this the miners in parts of the United States, and it may be in other countries too, called a shadrach. The men further believe that a shadrach has the mysterious power of enabling the human being who possesses it to remain cool when he or she might otherwise become overheated, that is, passionate and angry.

### THE FIRST THRUSH.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

He sings upon the almond bough, the minstrel sweet of Spring,
The mellow thrush, with speckled breast and glossy soft brown wing;
The perfume of the violets is wafted on the breeze,
The cawing rooks their wicker nests fix on the old elm trees.

Not yet are white with flower-snow the boughs of yonder pear,
Not yet the orchard-apple shows her petals pink and fair;
The trees, save buildings here and there, are bare to look upon;
Yet still sing on, O minstrel sweet, O minstrel bold, sing on!

Thus ever in adversity, when darkest shows the night,
Upon the edge of sombre clouds will gleam a starlet bright;
And thus to fainting hearts a word of love doth comfort bring,
As thou sing'st on through storm and cloud, brave minstrel of the Spring!

# TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MAIDE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI—(CONTINUED.)

PIERREPOINT professed to be disappointed, and left the room declaring laughingly that they had conspired to deprive him of half his glory, in providing him with such an every-day sort of daughter for the occasion.

"Do you know, dearest," said Terry, after a brief silence, glancing to where Hilda was crouching close to one of the dogs on the rug, "your husband is a source of constant delightful surprises to me! I always thought him one of the best fellows in the world; but—you won't mind my saying it?—I used to wonder a little if he would be just a very little heavy to live your daily life with. Now I have come to the conclusion that that old taciturn manner of his was nothing but shyness."

"Have you?" Hilda said; and she turned the conversation back to the patterns again.

But when Terry, in her fearless fashion, said something to the same effect to Hayes himself in the evening, and he laughed at her and said that she was quite right, he had been horribly shy during those first two or three months in London, and that he hoped he would not have a return of the disease as soon as he found himself back among the squares again, Hilda interposed with a short unpleasant laugh.

"I don't think there is any fear of that," she said; "you will be too well taken care of."

The others turned in surprise at the unusual tone of her voice, expecting some explanation; but Hilda sat still and silent, with burning cheeks and tightly-compressed lips, horrified at the coarse indelicacy of which she had been nearly guilty. Was she capable of openly twitting her husband before other people with respect to his attentions to another lady, like some dreadful creature in a modern farce?

Betterton saw that she had said something she wished unsaid, and at once came to the rescue.

"I saw Miss Fisher in Oxford Street this afternoon, Mrs. Hayes; she sent endless kind messages to you and Terry."

"Thank you! She is in town nursing a sick friend, you know."

"Ah, then that would account for her nervousness! I'm afraid she is overdoing it a little; I thought she looked rather shaky."

"When you got to know her, did you like her as much as you expected, Hilda?" inquired Terry.

"I don't think I did, quite; I fancied—I dare say it was only fancy—that she was not thoroughly sincere."

"Did you? Well, that was what Jim almost told her to her face!"

"My dear Terry!" exclaimed Jim.

"Yes, you did, Jim—nearly. When she asked you to judge her character by her voice, don't you remember saying something very smart about veneer taking as high a polish as solid wood?"

Betterton laughed.

"Yes—I remember now. She took it uncommonly well too. She has a charming voice. Don't you think so, Hayes?"

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting the lady."

"No? Well, it is a most delightful voice—there is no denying that—soft and full and mellow, but just the least bit artificial; the music comes from the head instead of the heart—a studied sweetness. Bye-the-bye, Terry, do you remember how I went quotation-mad after we met her that evening?"

Terry nodded with laughing emphasis.

"Well, I found out why afterwards; her voice reminded me of an actress whom I had seen play Portia in Edinburgh early in the year—a Miss Austin or Mostyn—Mostyn it was—a poor creature who was killed shortly afterwards. Extraordinary similarity there was in the voice, to be sure! She was not unlike her in figure either. Miss Fisher's voice reminded me of the Portia, and set me off quoting the Merchant of Venice until I drove Terry nearly frantic."

Hilda shifted her position so that she might look at her husband without turning her head. The mere mention of that unfortunate woman's name was a shock to her nerves; but he seemed to take it calmly enough.

"I knew the lady you are speaking of—that Miss Mostyn—very well at one time," he said. "She married a partner of mine out in Australia. He died soon after, and appointed me a sort of informal trustee to his wife; but nobody knew where she was, and so I was never called upon to keep my promise to the poor old chap who was gone until the very day before this Miss Mostyn's death. She wrote to me, and I went hurrying up to Edinburgh to see her; and that very night there was a fire in the house where her lodgings were, and she perished. There were five poor souls altogether burned in their beds."

Hilda sat very still indeed, half wondering if she were not dreaming. What was his object in telling this extraordinary story? Surely it was all fabrication! If Miss Mostyn had been his wife, how could she also be the wife of his partner? What did it all mean?

"How very awful!" Terry was saying. "Was no one in the house saved?"

"Not from the top flat. The poorer houses in Edinburgh are all built in flats, and the top flat in this house was occupied by a manufacturing tailoress who employed a number of hands. Some half-dozen—nobody could say the exact number—slept on the premises—poor, overworked, tired-out souls, no doubt. Most likely they were suffocated in their sleep."

"And your friend Miss Mostyn—was she suffocated in her sleep too, do you think? Death by fire is such an awful thing to think of!"

Hilda saw his face change and turn almost gray, as if at some sickening memory, but he would not allow the emotion to master him.

"One cannot speak with certainty," he replied pitifully—"one can only hope. She was never seen or heard after the first alarm was given; and she would surely have made her way to the window if she had not been unconscious."

"Surely!" agreed Terry. "Poor soul, what an end to her life! And you say she was a really good actress, Jim, with a voice like Miss Fisher's? I should think Miss Fisher would have made a capital actress—wouldn't you, Hilda?"

"An actress?" echoed Hilda, overcoming her fit of abstraction with an effort. "I hardly know, dear; I don't know much about actresses. Perhaps she would; she has lovely eyes, and she's very graceful, and she speaks very beautifully. Yes—I dare say she would act very well indeed."

"It is evidently one of those strong chance likenesses you come across now and again," said Pierrepoint; "for poor Alice Mostyn's chief beauty lay in her eyes, and she was one of the most graceful women I ever saw. Now, Terry, where are the dress patterns? Let us see if this sweetheart of yours supports my choice."

* * * * * *

Miss Fisher accepted Mrs. Hayes's offer to spend Christmas at Cruxwold.

"Mrs. Morton had a niece," she wrote, "who would be having her holidays for a few weeks at that time, and she would be only too glad to seize the opportunity for a little rest, and to be of some slight service to dear Mrs. Burtenshaw at the same time."

Terry Sugden's wedding-day came, all sunshine and frost and brightness—indeed the morning was not unlike Terry herself, except for its coldness—and the only tears seen during the day were shed by Hilda, as she stood at the very last moment with her arms round the happy little bride's neck at the church door.

"Oh, Terry darling," she whispered, making an effort to smile brightly through her tears—for in her heart she was contrasting Terry's fate with her own—"oh, Terry, how can I let you go, my dearest? I shall be so lonely, so lonely!" But she recovered her self-possession almost before Terry had time to look the dismay she felt, and drew back with a gay laugh at her own expense. "Somebody must cry at a wedding, you know," she said; "so, since Terry won't provide the tears, I must. Good-bye, my own true heart! Be as happy as you deserve to be! Above all things, make haste back to that little spot of fairyland at Brixton, for I'm longing to see you play hostess."

Then she made way for Betterton, who wrung her hand heartily and, with suspiciously moist eyes, sprang into the carriage after his wife, ducking his head to escape the first old shoe from the Rector's hand.

It had been suggested that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes should lunch at the Rectory that day, instead of going home to the loneliness of Cruxwold—a suggestion which Hilda accepted gladly. When they had watched the carriage out of sight, they still lingered in the sunshine in the Rectory garden, chatting over the incidents of the day, until the Rector was called away to see somebody at the side door.

"And we will go and take off our bonnets," said Mrs. Burtenshaw. "You know your way about the house, Mr. Hayes; the rector won't be a moment. Come, dear!"

Hilda was about to follow her hostess, but paused and suddenly turned again to her husband, who was mending a whip which Hubert had brought for his inspection.

"Let me tell you while my heart is full of it, Pierrepoint," she said tremulously, with her emotion at parting with Terry still upon her; "it is not easy—that is, you and I don't often trouble each other with a show of feeling—but I must tell you truly I appreciate all your kindness and generosity to my one dear friend! No matter what troubles or misunderstandings may come between us, nothing in the world will ever make me quite forget how good you have been to Terry!"

It was evident that she really felt what she said, but she could not throw off the reserve with which she always addressed him, and which had increased tenfold since the visit to Petmanhurst. He was busy with the little lad's whip and did not see the tender gleam in her eyes. The formality of the words chilled him and he received the little speech in the spirit in which she had apparently offered it.

"It was nothing:" he said—"certainly nothing to make a fuss about. Terry will always make friends; it's worth while doing her a little kindness if only for the sake of the good return you get for it. The generosity business is all fudge; there's no generosity in giving away what you're never likely to miss. Don't worry yourself with the idea that there is any obligation at all in the business. Aren't you keeping Mrs. Burtenshaw waiting?"

The warm flush of feeling died out of her face and left it as cold as marble. She turned silently and went in search of her hostess, and Hayes went on with his task, suppressing the sigh that rose in his throat, since he had some experience of little Hubert's powers of observation, and had no desire to be asked, as he had been before, "What are you so sorry about?"

There were loud lamentations when it became known that Cruxwold was to be shut up for Christmas. Hilda kept herself busy among her protegees during the few days preceding her departure, and tried to arrange matters so that nobody should suffer because of her absence; but the poor folk insisted that, acceptable as her gifts were, they would rather have had her among them than all the beef and blankets in the world.

Mrs. Burtenshaw shared in the general outcry. When the Rector came back from seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hayes off on the first stage of their journey North, he found his wife in an unusually complaining mood.

"As if it were not bad enough to lose them for Christmas-time without any further unpleasantness!" she said irritably. "Miss Fisher is coming back to Cruxwold for Christmas, and I shall never be able to say my soul is my own from morning till night."

"How did you hear of it?" asked her husband.

"Mrs. Westedging told our Janet that she had orders to keep Miss Fisher's room ready for occupation, as she might be down any day; and she is to have any down-stairs room she prefers kept in order too. Such consideration! I wouldn't mind if she deserved it."

"Why, Minna, what has she done to set you against her like this?"

The little lady passed her husband his tea, and fetched his covered dish of hot muffins from the fender before she answered decisively—

"Well, I'll just tell you what she has done, Philip; she has done her best to help on the trouble that's brewing up at Cruxwold."

"My dear, that's a very serious accusation to make."

"I know it is, but it's true! I happened to say something to Mrs. Leith a week or two ago about its being so unlike Mrs. Hayes to hold herself aloof from us all in her little plans among the village folk, and she assured me that Mrs. Hayes had told her that she would have been only too glad to work with the rest of us, only she had been told I did not care for her assistance."

"Well, but——"

"Wait a minute—you'll see. I wanted to send a message to her by Miss Fisher, asking her to join us, when we were starting the Dorcas and all the rest of it in September, and the smooth-tongued wretch—I can't help it, Philip—I detest such evil-minded ways!—she told me that Mrs. Hayes hated everything of the sort, and that such a request would only embarrass her. Well, it was a falsehood on the face of it; and it was worse than a falsehood—it was a falsehood with an evil purpose! What do you suppose she did it for?"

"My love, how can I tell?"

"That she might be able to come down here alone and say before all the cackling old hens in my drawing-room that she had left Mrs. Hayes far more agreeably engaged, in flirting with that handsome cousin of hers."

"But did she ever say such a thing, Minna?" asked the Rector, in great distress.

"She did indeed, Philip! I spoke to her about it afterwards, and she was quite inclined to be dreadfully offended at first; and then she turned round with artful meekness, and said she would be more careful for the future—after she had done all the mischief, the cruel slanderous wretch! It makes my blood boil to think of it! You have no notion what a little angel Mrs. Hayes has been to her in every way; and it is not because she likes her; it is simply out of goodness of heart because she is so sorry for her. It would give me the greatest pleasure to go for that woman hammer and tongs! I should like to gag her and tie her in a chair, so that she couldn't answer or run away, and then tell her exactly what I think of her!"

"My dear," exclaimed the Rector, in grave reproof, when the excited little woman paused for breath—"my very dear Minnie!"

"I beg your pardon, Phil!" she said gently. "I was bound to give vent to my feelings about Miss Fisher to somebody. Now I shall be quite the gentlewoman again for the next six months."

She went round to him and gave him a tender kiss on his forehead, and then lighted the candles on the mantelpiece and crossed to the window to draw the curtains. The short December was waning, the light outside was fading fast; but Mrs. Burtenshaw's eyes were as keen as her mental vision, and, as she raised her arm to pull down the blind, she stepped back with a gasp almost of fear.

"Phil," she cried, in a quick scared whisper, "here is Miss Fisher coming up the path! She gave me quite a fright, moving along in that smooth quiet way, with her thick veil down. She might really have watched Mr. and Mrs. Hayes out of the place to make her appearance!"

"I am sorry she has come," said the Rector. "One cannot very well be curt to a person in one's own house, more especially to anybody in trouble; but I wish it had not been necessary for her to return to Cruxwold at all."

CHAPTER XXVII.

HUGH was already at Mackenzie when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes arrived there. So was Lady Mildred. Pierrepoint Hayes was quite conscious of the masked animosity of their manner as they greeted him; at the same time he knew, by the warmth of Lord and Lady Morristown's welcome, that the story of his previous marriage and his supposed share in his first wife's death was not yet public property.

Hilda was too fatigued by the long journey to leave her room until the evening. At present the party consisted entirely of members of the family, otherwise she would have begged to be ex-

cused from dinner also. When she entered the drawing-room, Hugh and Hayes was standing beside Lady Morristown's chair. It was the first time Hilda had seen the two men together since her marriage, and a feeling of surprise at her own past blindness came over her as she looked at them. It seemed to her absolutely impossible that she could ever have perferred Hugh to her husband. Hugh, with his regular delicate features and his habitual want of expression—could she really ever have thought him superior to Pierrepoint, with his rare combination of grace and strength? Looking at them now, it seemed incredible. She was lost in wonder at her past folly, perplexed too at this sudden change in her own judgment, and inclined to ask herself the why and wherefore of it.

These thoughts passed swiftly through her mind while she was replying to her cousins' inquiries after her health: but Hugh came up in the midst of their marks upon the delicacy of her appearance, and led her to a chair at a little distance.

"I've some news for you," he said—"news of a private and particular kind. Do you know who is coming here to-morrow?" he asked, lowering his voice and bending over her in a fashion which brought a gleam of anger into the watchful eyes of Pierrepoint Hayes. "My mother has only this moment told me, and the news has completely crushed me."

"I think I know whom you mean," she returned quietly. "I have known all along, Hugh."

"Have you?" Her answer was evidently a great surprise to him. "And you came in the face of it? Hennessy told me the other day what an uncomfortable time you had of it at Petmanhurst. Why do you lay yourself open to a repetition of it?"

"A refusal would have caused such a fuss! When I was married it was understood that we were to spend our first Christmas here. And, besides," she added, looking distressed, "I was not supposed to know of Mrs. Mountjoy's visit until I heard from your mother. If I had refused then, it would have looked as if I were——"

"I should have told Hayes right out that I declined to visit anywhere at the same time with Mrs. Mountjoy!" he interposed indignantly. "You are too delicate-minded, dear child; you are not fit to cope with these unscrupulous people! Do you know what I would do if I had as much money as Hayes, if I could surround you with luxury as he does? I wouldn't stand by and see you put on one side, I can tell you! I would just——"

"Hush, hush!" she said, smiling and shaking her head at him, as if she were rather amused at his words. "Never mind about what you would do if the impossible happened. There's enough to do to keep clear of the temptations and dangers already in existence, without creating imaginary one for ourselves."

Hugh's face clouded over with sudden perplexity. There was something new in her bearing towards him; he did not know exactly what it was, but he did know that it was something which put a great barrier between them.

Her manner made him wonder whether he had said or done anything to offend her. This wonder increased as the days went on. He found that, though she was just as glad to be with him and just as winning and sweet-tempered as she had always been, it was no longer possible to lead the conversation in whatever direction he desired.

She had a pleasant little way, but one that it was impossible either to ignore or to misunderstand, of bringing some fresh topic of interest forward when she did not wish to pursue the subject under discussion.

There was not the least touch of self-assertion about her manner; the feat was performed so neatly that he sometimes doubted whether it was done intentionally—a point upon which he was not really clear until he found it never happened except in connection with one particular topic—her husband's conduct. This she would not allow herself to discuss with him; and her determination was more marked than ever after Mrs. Mountjoy's arrival.

For some reason best known to her own capricious self, her Grace the Duchess of Witton took an extraordinary fancy to little Mrs. Hayes.

"I have been hearing about you for months," she said, the first time she got Hilda to herself, "and, between ourselves, I've been very curious to see the young woman who had dared to stand up against Melusine Mountjoy and had made a good fight."

Hilda could only smile faintly and say nothing. If she had been ever so strongly inclined to explain that she was not ambitious to wrest Mrs. Mountjoy's sceptre from her, that it was only the determination to hold her own in her husband's sight, only her wounded pride that had forced her into the forefront of the battle at Petmanhurst, her Grace would not have understood the force of the reasoning. She herself had married for position, and the Duke might have made love to half the women in London without ruffling her peace of mind.

"I expect you will make quite a little sensation when you start your own entertainments in town next season," the Duchess went on. "Haven't you found it woefully dull, shut up alone with your husband all the autumn? Such a martyrdom for newly-married folk to go through! Of course that will be all over as soon as you've got through your presentation and begin to receive yourself."

"But I have not found it dull, I assure you," answered Hilda; and, Hugh happening to pass at the moment, she asked him if they had been very dull at Cruxwold in the autumn.

"Dull!" he echoed. "It was one of the happiest times I ever spent. Bye-the bye, Hilda, where is Miss Fisher? Is she spending a lonely Christmas at Cruxwold?"

"She is at Cruxwold, but not lonely, I hope. Mrs. Burtenshaw will do what she can to prevent that."

"And who is Miss Fisher?" asked the Duchess, with the easy impertinence of a great lady; and Hilda answered with a few kind words about the lonely woman.

"Just lost her last relative, an aunt? And her family name, you say, is 'Fisher?'" repeated her Grace, looking really interested. "Why, that must surely be Dauncey's 'little robin!' Where did her aunt die—do you know, Mrs. Hayes? Was it at Worthing?"

"Yes, it was. I remember our Rector wrote to the Worthing clergyman to make inquiries about her."

"Good gracious, to think our stumbling across her again like this! Dauncey will be enchanted! Dauncey," she went on, raising her voice to attract her brother's attention, "come here a moment! I've made such a discovery—I've found your 'your little robin' for you!" Dauncey, not too well pleased at being dragged away from Lady Maudee's side, looked eager at this. "Just imagine—that wretched old woman left her nothing, after all, and the poor little soul has had to turn out to earn her own living! She is staying with Mrs. Hayes as companion—when Mrs. Hayes is at home, I mean, of course."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Welbeck, with interest. "Earning her own living? By Jove, what a shame!"

"Dauncey was quite infatuated about her, you must know, Mrs. Hayes," pursued her Grace. "He was staying at Worthing with me, and he used to idle about for half an hour at a time in front of the house where this Miss Fisher and her aunt were staying, just for the sake of raising his hat and saying 'Good morning!'"

"It's a fact, Mrs. Hayes!" admitted Mr. Welbeck, unabashed. "I don't know when I have met a woman who took my fancy so thoroughly. Isn't Hayes madly in love with her? I'm sure I should be if I lived for a week in the same house with her!"

"Who is that?" inquired Hayes, hearing his name mentioned and joining the group. "Who is it I ought to be in love with, Welbeck?"

"Why, that little Fisher girl who is staying with you! I nicknamed her 'The Robin.' Mrs. Hayes, don't you think it a capital name for her?"

"But why 'The Robin?'" asked Hilda.

"Well, I thought she was so like a robin—always so jolly and cheerful, you know, and—and little and plump, and bright-eyed and active."

"I don't think we can be speaking of the same person after all," said Hilda, looking at Hugh.

"Nor I," agreed her cousin; "the description does not tally a bit."

"Oh, don't say that; Dauncey will be so disappointed!" exclaimed the Duchess, laughing. "Besides, is it likely not that there would be two Miss Fishers staying at the same time at Worthing, nursing sick aunts who were the last of their relatives? Of course it is not impossible, but it certainly is unlikely. Tell us what your Miss Fisher is like, Mrs. Hayes!"

"Well," replied Hilda slowly, "my Miss Fisher is very tall and slender, to begin with, and very slow and stately in all her movements, and she speaks with great deliberation in the sweetest, most melodious voice I have ever heard, and she has pale yellow hair, and a skin like ivory, and large expressive brown eyes."

"Pax!" cried Welbeck. "That is certainly not my Miss Fisher, Mrs. Hayes! There are evidently two Fishers in the field, I am a disappointed man. I had made up my mind to extort an invitation from you, Hayes, and renew the acquaintance. Queer things, these coincidences, aren't they? Fancy there being two girls of the same name, in exactly the same circumstances, in the same town, at the same time. Odd, isn't it?"

"Very," agreed Hayes.

"It needs only one thing to complete the coincidence," said her Grace—"that they should both have the same Christian name; but we don't know——"

"Yes, I do," interrupted Dauncey; "I've heard the old lady call her by name half a hundred times from her bath-chair. My 'robin's' name was 'Annetta.'"

"That is certainly very strange indeed," observed Hilda, with startled eyes, "for my Miss Fisher's name was also 'Annette'!"

There was a pause after this announcement, and they all looked at one another in undisguised astonishment. Mr. Welbeck was the first to speak.

"There is decidedly something very remarkable in all this," he said. "Wonder what on earth it all means?"

Hayes turned quietly to Hilda.

"Burtonshaw undertook to make all the needful inquiries about Miss Fisher, I think?"

"Yes."

"Then he is the man to unravel this little mystery. I'll drop him a line, and get him to run down to Worthing and make inquiries. He will soon find out if there has been any double-dealing in the matter."

"Good heavens," exclaimed the Duchess in a flutter of excitement, "suppose she should be a clever member of the swell mob who has taken Miss Fisher's name in order to gain admission to the house! And you say she is there now, alone with the servants? My dear Mrs. Hayes, I do hope she won't half strip the house before you get back again!"

"There is not much fear of that," observed Hayes. "The servants at Cruxwold are to be thoroughly trusted."

And yet, in spite of his confident tone, Hilda thought he looked worried as he turned to answer some remark from Mrs. Mountjoy and followed her to a distant part of the room.

Mrs. Mountjoy's supremacy was not so marked in the drawing-room at Mackenzie House as it had been at Petmanhurst. Her striking personality was sure to make an impression in any circumstances, but Lady Morristown would have been openly scandalized at much that Lady Tocatta did not object to, so that at Mackenzie, the brilliant conversationalist, found herself rather in the position of a bird trying to fly with its wings clipped. Still, she behaved with her usual philosophy; she had come to Mackenzie to carry out a special purpose, and, as long as she succeeded in that, she did not mind submitting to a little boredom to gain her end. Not that any trace of ennui was perceptible in her manner; that would not have suited her purpose at all.

The coolness between Hilda and her husband was bound to excite remark among her relatives.

"Do you know, Hilda," said Lady Aline, one morning when Mrs. Mountjoy and Pierrepoint had gone off as usual to the solitude of the little book-room at the end of the drawing-room—a solitude which it was tacitly understood was not to be disturbed except for the weightiest of reasons—"do you know, if I were in your place, I don't think I should enjoy seeing my husband monopolized by another woman in that calm manner. I should be vulgar enough to feel jealous!"

Hugh, the only man left in the room, glanced across at his cousin, and was startled by the unusual pallor of her always pale face.

"I don't think I am jealous, Aline," she replied; and the cold serenity of her manner set them all laughing.

"That you certainly are not," agreed Lady Beatrice merrily, "or you would not take it in that amiable fashion.

"I think you are very cold-hearted," said Lady Aline, returning to the charge again. "If Mr. Hayes were my husband, I would worship him! I remember we used to think him a little shy and dull when we first knew him; but even in those days I liked him immensely. I always said there was true grit in him, if somebody would only take the trouble to rouse him up."

Lady Beatrice laughed lightly again.

"If it was rousing he wanted, he has fallen into the right hands, at any rate. Certainly nobody could accuse him of being dull or shy now. Is the change all due to Mrs. Mountjoy's power of drawing people out, Hilda? The Duchess said last night that it was, and that she is very proud of him. She calls him her 'diamond mine,' and says she was the first person to find out what there was in him."

"My dear," observed Lady Morristown quietly, "I don't think it is nice of you to repeat such nonsense as that to Hilda. No matter how sensibly she takes it, gossip of that kind can't be pleasant for her to listen to."

"I don't mind, aunt Ernestine," declared Hilda. "It is not really of much importance whether I hear such things or not. If I had been madly in love with Pierrepoint when I married him, it would have been quite another matter. Things are no better and no worse than might have been expected from the bad start we made."

"But, Hilda," said Aline gently, "surely you don't mean to go through life like that? Do you mean to say that you take no interest whatever in your husband's sayings and doings?"

"What would be the use, Aline?" she asked, evading a direct reply. "He would not appreciate it if I did. If I objected ever so strenuously to any plan of his, it would not be likely to make the least difference to him."

"Well, I think that is unpardonable!" exclaimed Aline, her charming face flushing with resentment.

"I don't," persisted Hilda quietly. "Pierrepoint knows I married him for his money, and I've got it; and there's an end of the matter, you see. A bargain is a bargain. Having got what I bargained for, I don't see why I should expect him to throw in all sorts of extras; and I dare say that is how he feels too."

Lady Mildred, pretending to read the newspaper, felt exceedingly uncomfortable. She had left Hilda alone since her arrival at Mackenzie, but the task of remaining impassive was daily growing more difficult.

"All sorts of extras thrown in!" said Lady Aline, smiling pitifully. "By which you mean affection and consideration and so forth, I suppose? If ever I get married, I hope my husband won't look upon that sort of thing as extras, Hilda!"

"Then take care that you don't give him the right to do so, dear. Never allow yourself to be driven into committing such a cruel wrong against a man as to marry him for his money only."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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DON'T ENVY YOUR NEIGHBORS.—A lean half-starved cur stood curiously regarding a sleek white well-fed pig, cosily curled up in a nest of nice clean straw.

"Some folk get all the good things in this world, I think," grumbled the cur. "Here is that great fat lazy pig, fed on the best of everything—peas, potatoes, sweet milk, barley-meal, and I know not what all—while I am kicked and cuffed, and have to pick up a meal anyhow."

"What's that fellow chattering about?" grunted the pig. "Go away, and let me sleep in peace."

And he turned himself over, and was soon snoring soundly.

"Dick!" cried the farmer out of the window, be up to-morrow at four o'clock. We'll kill the white pig for Saturday's market; and a roast leg of pork won't come amiss for Sunday's dinner."

Next morning the cur was awakened early by strange sounds.

"A—h!" said he, as he shivered in his straw, and sat up to listen; "I see now, they only fattened up poor piggy for their own sakes. Seeming good fortune may not be best for us after all. It is better to live poorly in security than to have all we want, and be in constant danger."

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ITALIAN women, the few French peasant women that come to America and the Oriental women fetch with them to their new homes the arts of knitting and embroidery. Millet's peasant women, who keep sheep, occupy their leisure with needle and distaff, and so do the Italian peasant women. In the several Italian quarters of this city women and girls of all ages go about the streets, knitting needles in hand, and tiny balls of yarn or thread tucked away in their bosoms. In the Syrian quarter of Washington street, black-browed women in red slippers, are never without embroidery in their hands, and it is common to see a mother and three or four daughters grouped together and all thus occupied.

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"WHO is that?" he asked, nervously, as he heard a footstep in the hall. "Only papa," she whispered. He moved about uneasily. "Don't be afraid," she murmured, "you can surely trust papa." "I don't know," he said, doubtfully. "Oh, Arthur," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck appealingly, "you certainly ought to; nobody else in town will."

### TIME HATH NOT CHANGED.

BY W. W.

My own, my dear, my gentle love,
  They say that time has made
A change in thee—that on thy brow,
  Of sorrow there's a shade;
And that the once bright raven hair
  That cluster'd o'er thy brow,
Is mix'd with threads of silvery hue—
  That thou art older now.

But oh, I love thee still the same,
  As when thy brow was fair;
When free from shades of sorrow, love,
  Thou knewest nought of care!
There is upon this earth below
  Undying, faithful love;
And I will be all, all thine own,
  Till call'd from earth, above.

## A Mad Impulse.

BY L. A. E.

IT WAS evening—an evening in late summer. A new moon, from an opal sky cast a mystic light on the Thames, contrasting with the deep dark shadows thrown by the overhanging trees and bushes on its banks. Mists, soft, diaphanous, hovered here and there, the exhalations of the earth after a hot day.

A deep, dreamy silence hung over the river. The calm twilight of summer evening was unbroken save at one spot, where lamps gleamed like jeweled fruit, such as Aladdin found in the subterranean cave, in the trees encircling a splendid lawn that swept up from the river's bank to a long, white, one-storied, handsome house, which, at the present moment, was a blaze of light.

Across the lawn were rows of lamps which also outlined the numerous flower-beds, vieing with the opal sky above to make semi-darkness visible.

That day Gladys Carduais had come of age, and the day had been kept with a garden-party, concluding with a dance in the fine ballroom, which had been finished quickly off for the occasion.

It had been a day of gladness and triumph to Gladys. Such presents, such compliments. As to admirers, their name had been legion, until fairly exhausted, craving for a little breathing time, the girl had slipped away from the ballroom down to the silent river.

A soft wrap over her evening-dress, the hood partly drawn about her golden braids of hair, she stood in the dark shadow of an old tree, one arm resting across a rugged bough stretched over the water, her deep violet eyes bent pensively on the flowing water at her feet.

That Gladys was something more than pretty went without saying. Her features were regular and delicate, her complexion perfect, her expression animated. She seemed too surcharged with glorious vitality, rendering her painfully sensitive, and restlessly impulsive.

"My love," had remarked her aunt and godmother, "you are really excitable as a young miss just emancipated from the schoolroom. Sometimes I believe you aren't conscious of half you say or do. When will you calm down into a woman?"

"Dear aunt Prue," laughed Gladys, "there's time enough for everything, and there's time for that. I don't, I assure you," she added, while her father cried "hear, hear," "feel a bit like a staid woman with responsibilities yet."

To confess the truth, it was not the spirit of the silent river, nor the hour, which made Gladys pensive. She had sought the solitude and the stillness to make up her mind upon one of the most serious, yet delightful questions in a woman's life.

Gladys had two lovers, Sir Dudley Greame, a dark, well preserved man of forty, eager to lay his wealth and title at her feet, and whom she knew her parents favored, and Hugh Lockwood, her senior only by half a dozen years, to whom, though nothing had yet been confessed on either side, the girl had given her heart as surely as Hugh Lockwood's was in her keeping.

Excitable, light-hearted, and young-hearted, however, Gladys, in secret, had shrunk nervously from the grave responsibilities of matrimony. Owing to this, more than once she had been forced to play the coquette a little, simply to prevent Hugh putting that momentous question, to which she knew she should answer "yes."

Indeed, she fear even that afternoon she had been teasing him rather at Sir Dudley's expense, until so pained and pleading a glance was shot from Hugh Lockwood's eyes, that, startled, Gladys felt as though she had been perpetrating, unconsciously, a cruelty that was almost sinful, so she had come stealing to the silent river to—as was her habit—take it into her confidence.

Not many minutes had she been there, half concealed, half revealed in the shadow, when the light dip of oars arrested her attention.

Looking in the direction, she perceived a boat slowly approaching up stream. In it were two persons. Keeping out of the moonlit track, they presented only a black silhouette to Gladys. She saw the one who rowed was a man, and the one who sat in the stern was apparently a woman.

Gladys favored it only with the attention of a preoccupied mind, struck more by the life interest it gave to the scene. On it came. Then the figure holding the guide-ropes leaned forward, the oars for a moment were uplifted, then the boat turned and was speedily absorbed into the dark shadows of the banks.

It had come and gone. What was the boat, or the people in it, to Gladys, musing over that question still?

"Why should I keep him in further suspense?" so ran her thoughts. "Why should I keep myself? No," a smile, sweet and of exquisite happiness, hovered over her features. "There is the unfairness of it. I am not in suspense. Did I give Hugh but the chance, he would speak. His love is as leal, as true as my own. His manner, his look, utter it more plainly than words. More than once, I believe he has sought the opportunity to make confession to-day; and I have stopped it by flirting with Sir Dudley. Gladys, I am ashamed of you. I shall begin to fancy you are not worthy such devotion. Why should I make full of doubt hours that I might brighten for him?"

Gladys drew her wrap more about her, and hastened towards the house. Her decision was made. The one she loved, and who so loved her, should, if he wished, speak that night. She would no longer put obstacles in the way. It was cruel. Who ever would believe she loved him so—so fondly? Besides, he might grow to believe she really was a flirt. Aunt Prue was right. She ought to be more of a woman. Was she not twenty-one? Why, soon she would be absolutely old.

She laughed gaily, for her decision had made her as happy as she knew it would make Hugh.

The mists from the river had rendered the lawn too moist for dancing shoes, so Gladys kept to the path under the trees. Abruptly she paused, arrested by hearing someone speaking. It was a voice that sent waves of gladness through her heart always—Hugh Lockwood's.

Had the opportunity come so soon? Stay; Gladys caught the murmur of another voice—a woman's. From the well-lighted path she was in, diverged smaller ones, very dimly lit. It was from one of the latter the voices proceeded.

Before she was quite aware of what she did, believing Hugh's companion was but a guest, Gladys entered the path. Huge privet hedges enclosed it, but turned acute angles. She had reached one of these turnings, when she was brought to a sudden stop, the color leaping to her cheek, then leaving it pale—pale as death.

The voices had become more distinct, and now clear, but low, she heard Hugh Lockwook exclaim:

"Love you?—you know I love you, Adela. Have I not proved it? You do not mistrust me in your heart, if you do in your speech. Listen to me. The whole matter is wrong; you should not have come to me in this fashion. Surely you might have waited until I returned to town. You place me in a most awkward position. Supposing anyone should see us. How explain your presence here?"

Gladys felt her feet give way beneath her. She had grasped the hedge for support, and leaning against it, found that the speakers were so close at the other side, that by the dim light of a paper lamp she could see them through the hedge. Eagerly she gazed, and her heart turned sick.

The woman with Hugh was the woman she had seen in the boat. She recognized her. A dark cloak enveloped her form; but, leaning fondly against her companion, her head thrown back, the hood had slipped off, revealing the face—a young, handsome face, full of grief and distress.

"Hugh," she murmured, "don't be angry. Yes, I ought not to have come. Yet I felt I should go mad if I did not see you—and now you are angry."

"No—not angry, Adela. There, my poor girl," passing his arm round her waist. "I did not mean to be harsh, but I so fear lest you should be seen. Tell me what you wish done, and I will do it."

With sudden vehemence, the woman, bursting into sobs, threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh—my dear," she cried, "what would become of me but for your love?"

Gladys could bear no more. She fled, her cruel misery dominated for the moment by an indignation that flushed her cheek, and caused her heart to beat to suffocation.

This, then, was the man to whom she had given her love; who she believed so truly loved her! Who was this woman who had dared meet him secretly in those grounds?—whom he had embraced, and who, with such passionate abandon, had hung upon his neck?

"What matters that to me?" cried Gladys, mentally. "Oh the wretched fate I have escaped. That I could have been so deceived! That I could have let my love be apparent to him. What am I to do? Oh, the disgrace—the humiliation."

She hurried on until she ran against a gentleman coming from the opposite direction. She stopped, confused, for it was Sir Dudley Greame.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, with evident pleasure. "How I have been seeking you! Did you forget the valse you promised me?"

"I did, indeed," answered Gladys, with forced, hysterical gaiety. "Will you forgive me?"

"What would I not forgive that you do?" he rejoined, lowering his tone impressively. "I fear the dance is nearly concluded now. Dare I entreat a recompense? The night is so lovely, the river must look charming? May we go and see?"

He held his arm towards her, his dark eyes gazed into her face, and Gladys read in them his purpose.

Rebellion was in her breast. She felt reckless.

Following a mad impulse, accepting the proffered arm, she said, laughing lightly:

"Certainly. Let us go. The river is quite dreamily poetical, for I have just come from it."

An hour later Gladys sat with Mille Glover, her bosom friend, in an ante-room, to which she had drawn her. Gladys was pale for the feverish spot on her cheeks. Her eyes were brilliant.

"Millie," she said, "I want to tell you I have accepted Sir Dudley Greame."

"You? Oh, Gladys—poor Hugh Lockwood!" cried the girl. "I thought you loved him? I know he loves you."

Gladys broke into a laugh, as she answered:

"My dear Millie, how easily one can be deceived. Hugh has been no more serious than," a stifled sob, "I have."

"Gladys, I can't make it out."

"Don't try, but do me a favor. My engagement will not be known until to-morrow, but will you let Hugh Lockwood know it to-night? Thanks. There is the music, Sir Dudley will be waiting."

She was gone. How she got through that terrible evening Gladys never knew. Soon she missed Hugh; she guessed Millie had told him. Two o'clock struck before Gladys was alone in her own room. But there was no sleep for her that night.

* * * * * *

Eighteen months have come and gone. Gladys, for nearly that period, has been a wife—Lady Dudley Greame. Had she repented that mad impulse? Yes, surely, not twelve hours after she had so recklessly followed it.

Was she happy? No, no, no. Not only the dignity of wifehood sits on her white brow, but hidden in the depths of her eyes are sorrow and pain. The bright laughter has gone. The sunny, girlish gladness and animation have vanished with it. The step is that which goes with a heavy heart. Already there is a skeleton rattling its grisly bones in the young wife's home—but the skeleton is not of Gladys' making.

She has wealth, title, but she wears them already as a neglected wife. Sir Dudley's passion was that of a man who, selfish at heart, craves for possession; but the objection, once possessed, soon loses value or attraction.

As a wife, to sit at his board, to entertain his friends, Gladys, young, beautiful, doing honor to his selection, was all that could be desired—all, at least, that he desired. His home, his wife, were not the chief objects in Sir Dudley's existence—a man in society must possess them as he must a tailor and a hatter; but they were too tame for the Baronet, who loved excitement; who, indeed—to use his own phrase—could not exist without the champagne of society.

Was he only neglectful? Was he not, too, unfaithful—that bitterest knowledge to a pure, faithful wife? Gladys suspected it. Often in her society his behavior to her own sex, who had claim to youth or beauty, was scarcely what it should be. But she kept her trouble to herself, sharing it with none. Indeed, at times, she found excuse for her husband, blaming herself as the cause.

Of Hugh Lockwood she had never heard after that evening.

Rumor said that Hugh had gone abroad, had joined some dangerous expedition into Central Africa. Beyond that Gladys did not know.

In September Sir Dudley quitted London for Ashbourne, his house in Kent, to which he always invited some half dozen guests—guests that Gladys rarely liked. They were fashionable, held places in society, but were of that gay, fashionable Bohemianism, which hovers so very much on the verge that one dreads each moment their plunging over.

On this occasion, as Gladys, as usual, wrote the invitations from the list her husband provided, Sir Dudley, who had hung about the room, said:

"Bye-the-bye, I had forgotten. The Cecils have a friend staying with them, a Mrs. Ecclesham, a grass widow. No, by Jove, better than that, a divorcee. Her husband was a brute, and she easily got a divorce. I've met her twice. She is a charming little woman, bright and sparkling, and delightfully romantic and sentimental, which makes her amusing. Let your invitation to the Cecils include her. Such a little merry woman is an antidote to dulness in a country house."

"Very well," merely acquiesced Gladys, to whom her husband's praise of other women was not new.

Among the acceptances to the invitations was the Cecils, in which a special paragraph was given to the divorcee. "Mrs. Ecclesham would be charmed to make Lady Dudley's acquaintance. It was so kind of Lady Dudley to invite her."

Gladys read, and listlessly tossed the letter into the waste-paper receptacle by her davenport.

On the eighth the company were to arrive. Among the first were the Cecils and their guest.

Gladys, very graceful and very lovely in her dinner-dress, moved partly across the room to receive them. The Cecils she had met often before. Mrs. Ecclesham came a little behind. As Gladys' eyes rested on her, her heart seemed to stop, then beating wildly, to leap to her throat, for in the divorcee she recognized the woman whom she had seen that night with Hugh in her father's grounds.

This summoning back so suddenly of the past was a severe shock, but her duties as hostess gave her strength to hide it. Of two things, however, she was painfully conscious; that she was pale, and that Mrs. Ecclesham, with whom already Sir Dudley was desperately flirting, was watching her.

"Oh!" cried Gladys, in her agony, "it is cruel enough now. What would it have been had I loved him?" The words recalled the fact that she never had; and, "Had I ever done so," she added, "then this might never have been. It is my punishment. I must bear it."

But that, without she had been utterly devoid of woman's nature, would have been impossible. Mrs. Ecclesham seemed to goad her on to a scene. In her position as mistress of Ashbourne, she felt she must shame this woman from beneath its roof.

One afternoon the opportunity came. All the other guests were away; Mrs. Ecclesham had not gone, giving the old excuse—letters to write. Gladys seized the occasion, and also found an excuse. When they had the house to themselves, the indignant young wife, keeping her anger under control, calm, even with dignity, sought her guest; calmly, with dignity, she spoke, yet with an undercurrent of scorn in tone and manner.

Mrs. Ecclesham, playing with her pen, listened without interruption; now and then a wave of hot blood swept over her cheek, her white teeth pressed her lip, but she never moved her eyes from the young wife's face; her cool immobility irritated Gladys.

Was this woman invulnerable to shame? Why should she hesitate to inform her of how much she knew—that this was not the first time they had met?

"I wish for no scene," proceeded Gladys, "that is why I have spoken when we two are alone. Even for the honor of my

other guests, I refuse longer to be insulted in my own house. Mrs. Eccleshaam, I bid you leave it. Had I known who you were, never should you have come." For the first time Mrs. Eccleshaam started. "Yes, I do know you—we have met before—you are a divorced wife. Could I have spoken what I knew, never would you have been so."

"What you knew!" ejaculated the other.

"Even so. Do you recollect the man you met, nearly two years ago, in my father's grounds? Do you remember how you hung on his neck—avowed your love—and accepted his kiss?"

"What!" cried Mrs. Eccleshaam, springing up. "Hugh, my cousin, my almost brother!"

"Your cousin!" ejaculated Gladys.

"Yes, my cousin; the best friend I ever had—at one time, in bitter trouble, my only one," rejoined Mrs. Eccleshaam, now flushed and trembling with passion. "Hugh Lockwood, the man who was idiot enough to love you, and whom you ruined."

The last words died on Mrs. Eccleshaam's lips. As pale as Gladys herself, with almost horror in her eyes, she reeled back, for, unperceived by either until then, the portiere had been raised, and standing in the doorway was Sir Dudley.

"This is amusing," he said, calmly, advancing. "Is it true?"

The question was addressed to Mrs. Eccleshaam. If any woman was repentant she was. She was frightened—frightened for Gladys. She tried to speak; but, bursting into passionate tears, sobbed:

"No, it is not true. I—I spoke in anger. I—I don't know what I said. It was all a mistake. Sir Dudley, how dared you play the eavesdropper? You are no gentleman!"

He turned from her, with a sneer, to Gladys.

"Is it true?" he asked.

Agitated, yet firmly she answered, in a low tone:

"Yes and no. Once I cared for Hugh Lockwood, but I vow by all I hold most sacred, that never has he been anything to me since I gave my plighted troth to you."

"I believe you. Go to your room. Perhaps Mrs. Eccleshaam may be kind enough to receive a summons which will compel her to return to town at once? Of course we shall be sorry to lose her—quite in despair?"

Mrs. Eccleshaam fled from the apartment before those cruel mocking eyes. Gladys followed quietly. She knew that henceforth all chance of happiness in life was dead to her for ever.

* * * * * *

Poor Gladys! There is treatment more hard to bear than stormy anger or passionate accusation. To this she was now subjected. Sir Dudley treated her apparently with exceeding deference, and husbandly affection; he addressed her as "my darling," "my love," and seemed to make himself the slave of her desire.

At the end of September the Baronet and Gladys went to the Riviera. She had hoped the change might bring some relief. So far, it did, since it left her alone. Neglected before, she was trebly so now.

They had been at Monte Carlo, a fortnight, when one morning Gladys took a new direction for her walk. She found it wilder than she had imagined. The path she traversed became narrower, the bushes pressed more upon her, until a sharp, thorny bramble caught her dress.

It might have been the hook thorn of South Africa, so tenacious was its clutch. Bending low over it, she tried awhile to remove it in vain.

Just as success crowned her efforts, a voice addressed her:

"Madam, will you allow me to assist you?"

She turned, startled, a spasm darting through her—they were face to face once more.

"Hugh!"

"Gladys!"

Was it possible they were indeed those they name?

Their eyes only too plainly betrayed the change each beheld in the other. The sad-eyed, serious woman, whose bloom had faded. The bronzed, aged man, with care enthroned upon his brow.

Gladys was the first to speak. She remembered Millie's words:

"You have broken his heart."

And, with the old impulse of her happier days, extending her hand, she said, with lowered eyes:

"Oh! can you forgive? Was it strange I was deceived?"

Eagerly he caught the slender fingers, retaining them in his own.

"Forgive! I have forgiven from the moment I learned the truth," he cried, in accents full of suppressed agony. "Oh, Gladys, that error! How I had hoped that night was to have sealed the happiness of both!"

"It was a fatal impulse," she murmured. "Too late!—too late! What brought your cousin there?"

"Her insane folly!" he burst forth. "You have seen her. Oh, yes, I know all. Bitterly does she now repent. Weak, excitable, frivolous, a butterfly nature, gay or despairing, as the sun shines or withholds its beams. Her husband treated her badly. We had been as brother and sister.

"In all the world she had no one to rely on but me. To her, life was a misery; but the climax came. That happened which would bring her freedom—she had been humiliated—struck.

"In a frenzy, she fled from her home. She knew where I was. She had not patience to await my return. She was too romantic, too fond of theatrical effects, to send for me in a commonplace fashion. She hired a boat, landed on your father's grounds, sent the boatman to the house with a sealed communication, bidding me, in wild, distracted sentences, come to her at once.

"It was the maddest folly! What could I do? I went, and, oh! Gladys—Gladys, my darling," with a bitter cry, "you know the result."

"Too well," she said, sadly—she had grown more calm, and had drawn away her hand. "I believed I had been cruelly deceived. As I fled from the spot misfortune threw Sir Dudley in my path, and, in a mad impulse, I accepted him."

"Then you saw us in the grounds? I guessed so."

In a few words, Gladys explained.

Then she added:

"But, Hugh, you should not have sought me. It is not wise."

"I have not sought you, Gladys. Had I, long ere this I should have been with you. For your sake, I crushed the craving of my heart, and avoided you," he replied. "It is fate that has brought us together."

"I am not sorry," she said, quietly, "for neither longer shall misjudge the other. But—we must not meet again."

She had begun already to retrace her steps. When the path divided into two, they parted.

Was it not to meet again? Were they human? Had they not been lovers? What might have been, had Gladys' home been a happy one, it is impossible to say. But Hugh Lockwood could not tear himself away from her vicinity; for, though he kept himself out of his sight, he could not fail to be aware of the social indignities she suffered at her husband's hands.

They did meet again under the olives. By chance on Gladys' side, purposely on his.

Still, as there was no wrong, why should there be danger?

One day when they met, Gladys said:

"Hugh, we must meet no more. No wrong is meant, but the world is hard of belief. Yesterday and to-day, my husband has looked strangely. If some rumor—some prying eye——"

She stopped, with a startled cry, for Sir Dudley had abruptly stepped out into the path, confronting them.

The mocking sneer was still the expression of his features.

"So," he exclaimed, with a short laugh. "Mrs. Grundy has spoken truth! This is the reason of those solitary walks. How very deep some still waters run! Well, you flung him over, my dear Gladys, for me; now you throw me over for him. It is but tit for tat."

"Sir Dudley," began Hugh, when swiftly, sharply, the Baronet turned upon him.

"Pray recollect, sir, if you please," he said, "that this lady is my wife, though, also, she may have stooped to be your——"

The word was never spoken, for Hugh Lockwood, with pale cheek and fierce, flashing eye, had sprung at the would-be utterer. In a second he would have struck him down, had not Gladys swiftly thrown herself between them.

"Do not touch him!" she exclaimed, very white, but very calm. "He is my husband. You know I am faithful to him. Heaven, in time, will let him know it too. Now, if indeed you would help me, go, and let us never meet again."

But one instant he hesitated to leave her. Then he recognised she was right; it would be kindest; and, with bowed head, he left the husband and wife together.

In a cottage in a small secluded village, about five miles from Monte Carlo, among the hills, had lived Gladys for now three weeks.

After the scene with Hugh, Sir Dudley, without word of explanation, had come here, bringing Gladys, of course. The next day, however, he had left her, and returned to Monte Carlo.

At first Sir Dudley came to the village every few days; but, soon, his visits grew rarer. Gladys could scarcely regret his absence.

One dull morning, which threatened rain and storm, Gladys received a letter from her husband. It merely said:

"For certain I shall come to-night; to-morrow I take you back to England. Be prepared to go."

Gladys' preparations were few. They were soon made. Then she waited for the evening. Sir Dudley was always late. The peasants had ever been at rest when he came. On this evening, as light changed to darkness, Gladys began to look forth anxiously, for there was every indication that the storm coming would be violent.

Two hours after sunset it broke. A very wall of rain swept down the hills, then beat against the earth with tropical force, while the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled. The village sank to rest, yet Gladys watched.

"He'll never come to-night," she thought yet waited.

Then the rain ceased. What sound was that its cessation brought to her ear? She sprang up with a cry. It was the river rushing like a torrent. Surely her husband would never be mad enough to try to ford it if he came.

Seizing a shawl, throwing it over her head, she rushed out of the house. The river was near; soon the lightning revealed it tumbling, rushing on. What was that? A shout—a shout for help. It was her husband's voice; the next flash revealed him to her, battling in the flood.

It revealed more. The figure of a man, some yards from where she stood, with folded arms, watching that fight for life. Gladys started, and her pulse beat rapidly. It was Hugh Lockwood!

Yes, he, too, had heard the shout, and had been swift to run to aid, until the lightning showed the horseman. Then suddenly he paused. Heaven was his judge, he thought not of himself, only of Gladys, when the idea came to him:

"Why should I help this man? The fate threatening him is slight to what he merits. I am not called upon to risk my life. Should he die, Gladys will be free—happy. I have to choose. I have chosen. Let him die."

But in a few seconds, all the humanity of his nature was roused. He must aid, or curse himself unto eternity. Even as he sprang forward, a hand caught his arm. It was Gladys.

"Hugh," she cried, "save him. He is my husband."

"I will." The next moment he was at the edge of the boiling flood.

He saved him. At the risk of his own life, he saved him. Horse and rider were drawn from that rushing water. The Baronet was battered, bruised, dazed. He reeled as one drunken. He would have fallen, but for Hugh's support.

"You have saved my life," he murmured. "I can be grateful."

But when he staggered through the glass doors into Gladys' parlor, where the lamp burned, he knew his preserver.

"You here!" he cried. "Once more together? I guessed it—I guessed it." Then, fierce as the torrent outside, words rushed from his lips that made Gladys pale and Hugh scarlet with indignation.

"Go," pleaded Gladys; "the man is mad. Leave us."

As Hugh prepared to obey, Sir Dudley reeled fiercely towards him, but fell insensible on the floor.

The next morning the Baronet returned to Monte Carlo.

"Stay here, or go where you will," he had said to Gladys. "I return to London to claim a divorce. All society shall select you as a topic of conversation. The last scandal."

He went. Ignorant in her trouble what to do, Gladys waited. Days passed—there was no sign; and then she heard Sir Dudley was yet at Monte Carlo, gambling, flirting, leading the old, old life.

What was she to do? What could she, but wait?

One afternoon, as she sat, her head bowed on her hands, a step sounded in the room. She looked up and perceived Mrs. Eccleshaam confronting her. Before she could speak, the visitor had thrown herself on her knees before her.

"Gladys, forgive the past!" she cried. "Have I not repented? Think only of the present. He dared not come himself. Gladys, you are free. Sir Dudley is—dead!"

"Dead!" ejaculated Gladys. "It cannot be!"

"Yes, a—a duel, in the Casino grounds. A sudden affair. At—at the last fire the Baronet fell."

"A duel!" gasped Gladys.

"There—there had been a quarrel about——"

"The tables," murmured Gladys.

"No; a—a wo——" She stopped. Gladys buried her face in her hands with a piteous moan.

* * * * * *

Nearly two years have elapsed. Gladys stands under the tree at home, gazing once more dreamily into the river, when Hugh, coming swiftly across the lawn, approached her.

"Gladys, dear Gladys," he whispers, taking her hand, "has not your probation been long enough? Oh, tell me, may I not at last call you mine?"

She raised her eyes to his, and they answered him.

# Scientific and Useful.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.—To make artificial ice it requires, it is said, one ton of coal to produce from five to ten tons of ice.

BOTTLES.—A new pharmaceutical bottle has recently been invented which indicates the hour at which the medicine is to be taken.

POWER.—The transmission of power from place to place by means of wire-ropes is likely to meet with many extensions, for it often presents an economical method of working. For instance, a waterfall or stream may be so situated that the erection of a mill in close proximity to it is next to impossible; but by means of a wire-rope in connection with a water-wheel the building can be erected at a long distance from the actual source of power.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The old conjuring trick, known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which several glasses of different kinds of liquids are poured from one bottle, is called to mind by a domestic invention which has recently been patented. This is a tea and coffee pot which, at the will of the holder, will yield either of those beverages. The pot is divided by a central partition with two compartments, one holding tea and the other coffee, and the lower part of the spout is provided inside with a valve, the opening of which can be turned towards the tea compartment or the coffee compartment by means of a knob which projects above the handle outside the apparatus.

# Farm and Garden.

EDUCATION.—If you think your boy is getting so much education that he will not be satisfied to stay on the farm, give him considerable more, and he will see that it is to his interest to stay there. To give a boy just enough education to make him a $10-a-week clerk, or a jack-lawyer, or a "plug-doctor," is a certain way of rendering him dissatisfied with hoeing corn or hauling rails for a living.

THE DAIRY.—Dairymen are more interested in reducing the cost of the milk than in seeking the best markets. There are many modes of reducing the cost, and all manner of modes of feeding are adopted, but the only way to reduce the cost is to use pure bred or grade cows. The point to observe is not to restrict the food, but to have one good cow that gives as much milk as two common cows.

REASONABLE WORK.—There is an increasing tendency among farmers to do all that is possible in winter to save time in spring and summer, and it is a hopeful sign of the times. Some are splitting the corn hills, turning over the sod where the season will permit, cleaning the barns, painting and oiling wagons, mowers and tools, laying walks, repairing roofs, looking after the numerous details of team outfits and whatever is likely to give out when it is most needed in the hurried season.

SHOEING.—A physician has written a fine article on the subject of shoeless horses. He says that he has taken one of his horses, a cob, on a driving tour of nearly four hundred miles, the animal being shoeless. No symptom of tenderness or lameness has occurred since that time, although the horse has been more or less constantly driven over paved and macadamized streets. With two other horses of large size he tried the same treatment, but failed. He believes that where the growth of hoofs is strong and rapid, horses are the better for not being shod, and that quite a large proportion, in country places especially, could be employed without shoes.

A HARD COUGH distresses the patient, and racks both Lungs and Throat. Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant is the remedy wanted to cure your Cough, and relieve both the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 11, 1893.

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**A WORD TO OUR READERS.**

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

THE softest road is not always the best road; a rough path is usually safer for our feet.

**Of Flirtation.**

Perhaps we should not follow the custom of the world in applying the term "flirt" loosely to those who carry on fairly the preliminaries to the matrimonial warfare, and who commence their approaches as regularly as a general lays siege to a town. Innocent flirtation, although a very dangerous pastime, especially to women, is fair enough.

If a young lady is engaged to a very estimable but easy-going young fellow, of whose heart she is quite secure, she will not be satisfied unless by a cunning flirtation she raises up just the ghost of an antagonistic jealousy in it. She will dance with a man who uses his legs and feet more gracefully than her lover; she will sit next to another at a picnic, ask him for a flower, or convey to him and to her faithful Corydon how immensely she is charmed with the company of another.

She will delight to tease him, very often with the express purpose of getting up a lover's quarrel, and of seeing how far she can wound the heart which has laid itself at her feet.

When she does so, she becomes at once the flirt proper, and flirtation no longer is innocent, but actually wicked.

What then is this practice? Wicked flirtation, which is always more or less dangerous and immoral, and which, as our newspapers will show us, has so often such tragic and disgraceful ends, is the exercise of our powers of fascination and of pleasing, with the express purpose of conveying "to the mind of a person of the opposite sex, the assurance that his or her society is peculiarly agreeable to us."

There are a thousand ways of doing this, and every way is wrong. A word, a squeeze of the hand, a gesture of admiration, or, at times, one of impatience, will equally serve, and will send back the blood to the heart of a silly girl with a flutter of impatient and tumultuous joy.

Both sexes are equally to blame; for this kind of flirtation is a species of lying, and one can lie with the eye or the hand as well as with the tongue. There are other songs without words besides those of Mendelssohn's. Those songs are songs of the Syrens; they are flatterers, which lead those who listen to them to sad destruction.

The man who gives himself up to flirtation, unless, as a single man, he does so to get married, or, as a married man, he does it in a burlesque and open way, and advertises his friends that he carries on the little game merely for the fun of the moment, is a very contemptible being.

Although he carefully guards himself against making any promises, and loudly proclaims himself as a non-marrying man, yet he has no right to indulge in this soft dalliance of the will and intention. He has no right to play and trifle with the feelings of a young woman just to gratify his vanity—for vanity is, after all, at the bottom of this—unless, indeed, we put it away for a worse passion.

The tenor of his behavior to an honorable woman can have but one construction; nay, however he may like flirting himself, he would probably be very unwilling to have his daughter or his sister subjected to the same kind of address.

Besides, whilst a man is engaged in flirtation with a girl, and perhaps—nay, most likely—raising hopes in her bosom which she will never forget, nor he ever fulfil, he prevents her from receiving the attentions of an honorable and good man, who would, in all probability, offer her his hand.

The proximate cause of flirtation is said to be a wish to please, to be polite, and to make the party pass off well; but the primary one is, we fear, nothing but a selfish wish to shine and to attract praise. It may be all very pleasant, but it is certainly exceedingly wrong, and being wrong, it is stupid and unwise. It goes against true propriety in both sexes; with a woman it is unfeminine as well as injudicious; with a man it is unmanly. With only one class of people can it be excused, and that class is a large one, and formed by those light, facile, agreeable persons, who have neither real heart nor feeling, but who fancy they have plenty of both; who are compounded of a graceful desire to please and a continual and selfish wish to be pleased, and who flutter about from one person to another, saying tender nothings, and amusing themselves in a butterfly way, to the best of their ability, and to the utter forgetfulness of any body else.

The only thing that we should wish to do with these pleasant little parties is that which Sam Weller did to the Fat Boy when he tried to flirt with pretty Mary. "Oh, Sam," said he, slowly, "shouldn't I like to give her a kiss!" Upon which, it is related, that Sam, with a long whistle, took him into a corner, and dismissed him with a quiet kick.

The subjects of flirtation can easily put a stop to the practice if they choose, for if they do not allow their vanity to be played upon, then they will escape scot free. When a young lady fixes her eyes upon a young gentleman, and heaves a pensive sigh, the best way for him to do is to look quite unconscious. A little quiet scorn and impenetrable dulness will disarm the most determined flirt in the world. After all, although we condemn flirts, we do not approve of prudes.

What we want to arrive at in society and the mixture of the sexes is natural, quiet, jovial, and cheering conversation, secular or religious, without any unfair attempt at the entanglement of the passions; and when this is attained, we can fairly believe that a lover or a sweetheart will be most calmly and wisely chosen, and with the very best chance of making a fitting and faithful husband or wife.

LOVE makes communists of us all; and the seed of selfishness, of avarice, of greed, lies in the void made by the place where love should be and is not. And yet the true man and woman should have more than this merely personal love for one or two—for those of their own blood or long-time knowledge. We should feel for all who need our help, and give it freely to all. We should take to heart the solidarity of the human family, not caring only for our own and for none other. We can all help if and when we will.

THERE is a sort of impulsiveness which often gets people into serious trouble. We are fretted and vexed at the acts of somebody else, and we do not wait to think, but say out our irritation, and wound deeply some sensitive spirit. We are angry, and we let passion rule us instead of reflection. The impulsive person who cannot control his temper is like one who carries fire near gunpowder.

NOISE increases the wear and tear of the body and tends to shorten life. All stimulation of the acoustic nerve stimulates the action of the heart, and an undue frequency or force of the heart's action means an increased demand on the resources of our bodies. Incessant noise tends insensibly to produce fatigue, and thus to exhaust the strength.

WE pass every day through all the changes of human experience. We are children in the morning, with their fresh young bodies and feelings; we are middle-aged at noon, having seen an end of all perfection; we are old and weary and worn out at night.

TEN friends are dearly purchased if gained at the expense of a single enemy; for the enemy will take ten times the pains to injure you that the friends will take to do you service.

GOVERN thyself, and thou wilt be able to govern the world.

**CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.**

P. N.—"Will you please tell me the right pronunciation of 'Jane Eyre?'" Eyre is pronounced as if spelled Ire—Jane Ire.

E. F.—Stenography cannot be mastered in three months, although something of it can be learned in that time by close application.

L. T.—Dancing is best learned from a master and by practice with others, but there are books that teach the steps and figures by illustration.

SALLIE.—A lover must not therefore be thought mean because he is not profuse in his presents. His character should be judged from other points of view.

L. M. C.—Adelina Patti has no children. She has adopted a grown daughter of her brother, the gifted and ill-fated Carlo, a brilliant musician, who died in poverty.

M. Y.—Sufficient liquid ammonia added to a pint of water to render the whole pungent, makes an excellent hair-wash. Be careful not to have it too strong. Once a week will be sufficient. The tonic should be applied after washing the hair.

PERPLEXED.—There would be nothing illegal in the woman marrying in the name she was commonly known to her friends and acquaintances. To prevent any future dispute as to inheritance and so on, it would, however, be safer to sign in both names, thus —Jones, otherwise Brown.

L. N. R.—A scar is indelible, but you can make yours less conspicuous by using cold cream, and being careful not to irritate it by a stiff collar; instead of which wear soft lace frills, made to stand high about the neck, which will still further conceal your blemish and be vastly becoming; besides, they are the fashion just now.

LUCILLE.—At seventeen a girl may begin to go in company; but her parents are the best authority as to whether or no she may have gentlemen visitors. Present the gentleman to the lady unless he is very much older and so entitled to the first place. A lady bows first, as it is her privilege to keep or to drop an acquaintance.

H. N.—A lady's-maid has the full care of her mistress and mistress' wardrobe—combs hair, waits at the bath, takes out and puts away dresses, keeps track of all jewelry, and between times makes or mends over at her lady's pleasure. She is usually exempt from other housework, but much depends on the initial arrangement.

C. P.—Danton, a central figure in the famous French Revolution, born October 26, 1759, and guillotined by order of his former friend, Robespierre, on April 5, 1794, when formally interrogated regarding his name and dwelling, replied: "My dwelling-place will soon be annihilation, and my name will live in the Pantheon of history." He is also credited with saying: "In a revolution, the authority ought to belong to the greatest scoundrels."

DAISY ANON.—1. Mizpah is a Hebrew word, meaning literally a beacon or watch-tower. The signification you will find in Genesis xxxi, where it states that Laban and Jacob set up a heap of stones as a witness to a covenant between them, and Laban called it Mizpah, for he said, the Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another. The word is often appropriately inscribed on engagements rings. 2. Fanny is the feminine of Francis, meaning free.

READER.—Spiritualism is the doctrine that there are spiritual beings not cognizable by the senses, a belief in the communion of intelligence from the worlds of spirits. Theosophy is divine wisdom, or knowledge obtained by direct intercourse with God and superior spirits; immediate divine illumination or inspiration. Psychism is the doctrine that there is a universal soul animating all living beings, the difference of their actions being due to the difference of individual organization. Spiritualism, Theosophy and Psychism may be called the trinity of Spiritualism, using the latter word in its broader sense.

M. R. R.—Your mother lacks consideration, or she would not try to make trouble between you and the husband with whom you live so happily. Your best course is to tell her kindly and respectfully, but firmly, that your husband is yourself, and that you are in duty bound to listen to nothing against him from any source, and further, that while you owe and will pay to her a daughter's love, you are to him a wife, which supersedes every other, and that if she cannot give him in his own house the honor due the head of it, you will have to ask her to stay away. Be kind but firm, and don't get nervous; and after the explosion is over we make no doubt your domestic atmosphere will be clearer than for some time.

ROSA F.—These are the crowned heads of Europe at the present writing:—Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India; Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia; Leopold II., King of Belgium; Christian IX., King of Denmark; William II., Emperor of Germany (and under Germany come Louis II., King of Bavaria; Albert, King of Saxony; and Charles, King of Wurtemburg); George I., King of Greece; Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland; Humbert I., King of Italy; Dom Louis I., King of Portugal; Charles I., King of Roumania; Alexander III., Emperor of Russia; Oscar II., King of Scandinavia (Sweden and Norway); Milan Obernovitch IV., King of Servia; Alphonso XIII., King of Spain; Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey.

## TO LOVE.

BY S. E. W.

To love is to have touched a spring
That doth respond to everything;
And all the secrets are revealed
Of brook and bird and wood and field.
The brook that runs a merry race,
The bird that fills a lonely space
With song, the tender autumn wood
Soft swelling with a golden flood,
The field to which a deep content
The glory of the harvest lent—
As if my own heart to prove—
All sing of love, all sing of love.
To love is to know all that's pure
And good and fair—perhaps endure
Some sorrow that makes love more sure;
Nor evil nor temptation see,
Nor weakness, save through sympathy;
To be so glad for being here
It maketh all life's mystery clear.

# "Castle Crome."

BY S. C. B.

I CANNOT attempt to explain the incident in this story. I will only relate it just as it occurred.

* * * * * *

I shall never forget the winter of 1880.

In that year my sister Grace and I were invited to spend Christmas and New Year with some friends who had recently bought a fine old place in Devonshire.

We were wild with delight at the thought of at last being able to see a little of the world.

My father was a country rector, with a large family of children, so, what with his ever decreasing tithes, and ever increasing family, he had rather a hard time of it.

The great puzzle with us all just then, was how to replenish our wardrobes for this wonderful visit.

Oh, the contrivance and self-denial, and patience that our dear mother and eldest sister displayed in getting us ready!

A vision comes before me now, as I write, of our long, low school-room, a bright fire burning in the grate, and the cold December sunshine shining on our heap of finery on the table, and brightening the fair sweetness of my mother and Maud's face. So alike they were!

Grace and I were helping also, but not in the deft, clever way the others manifested.

"We must be quick!" said my mother. "The dinner bell will soon ring and father must not see us untidy, nor unpunctual, because of your little dissipation," and she looked fondly at us.

Just then one of the boys came sauntering in from the Grammar School near by.

"What do you call this thing?" said Jack, picking up a piece of tulle from the table; and then, throwing it over his curly head, he marched round the room, shouting, "This is as Grace means to wear it; only hold your noddle straight, miss, or it is safe to come off."

Up jumped Grace and flew after him, and in the midst of the confusion that ensued, mother was called away; and Hal came briskly in.

"What's in the wind now?" he asked. "Jack into mischief, as usual," and picking him up by the scruff of the neck as if he had been a puppy, he ignominiously expelled him from the room.

Then seting his back against the door, our tall, strong brother, shaking his head very solemnly at us, thus proceeded:

"I have a duty to perform which grieves me, but you know I never shrink from duties. Girls, this Castle Crome visit will turn out badly; you had better give it up. I have been looking over some old records and I find the blessed old place is haunted."

"Haunted!" we screamed in one breath, and Grace looked scared.

"Yes, haunted, and in a peculiarly horrible manner. Some hundreds of years ago, in one of the wings of the old castle, two lovely sisters were murdered in the night, and when their room was entered in the morning they were found lying side by side, stiff and straight for burial, with no mark to tell of the foul deed, save a dark bruise on one fair girl's forehead. I am giving it to you chapter and verse."

"Hal," said Maud, gravely, "how can you? It is going too far—it is quite wicked. Suppose either of the little ones had been here?"

"Well, suppose they had? Then I should have shut up," said Hal, quite crossly for him. "All I have been saying is true and you can read it for yourselves."

At that minute the first dinner bell rang, and we all scuttled away to get tidy ourselves and help the little ones, but, through and above all the happy buzz of our pleasant home life, I felt the chill of Hal's words.

We had never been allowed to hear any ghost stories, and this weird tale of Hal's fastened itself on my memory.

About a week after this, in a wild and stormy evening, the driving mist shutting out the glorious Devonshire scenery, our train steamed into Castle Crome station.

We stepped out of the carriage, cramped and tired with our long journey, and with no one to meet us.

With some heart-sinking we collected our luggage, and went into the station, there to wait for what might betide.

In the waiting room was the dearest and rosiest of old ladies. Her sweet blue eyes clouded over with real sympathy when she heard of our plight.

"Castle Crome! dear me! that is some distance from here—a fine old place on the sea shore; I know it well."

"Do you indeed? Is it then haunted?" I asked, something seeming to impel me to speak.

"Yes," she answered, nodding her head wisely. "It is said to be, and none of the village folk will go there after dark."

"What are they supposed to see?" I asked in a low tone.

"Only the old Squire Crome—the late squire—riding slowly round the carriage drive on his old gray cob."

"What rubbish!" I exclaimed. "Is there not a story about two girls having been murdered there years ago?"

"Not that I ever heard of," she said, looking puzzled.

At that instant there came a sound of prancing steeds, and a carriage and pair came into view, dashing up to the station in fine style.

Out of it sprang, all in the drizzling rain, a fair-haired, bright-faced girl whom we well knew, our own especial friend, Dolly Portal.

"Oh, you poor darling!" she exclaimed, flying into the station with outstretched hands. "Cold and tired and hungry, that's what you are—and no one to meet you! I made a mistake in the time; please forgive me."

"Come along," she went on, scarcely waiting for us to take a cordial leave of the old lady. "Come along. I have a basket of good things in the carriage, as we don't dine till late; and as we go along I will tell you all the fun. We have a houseful of visitors, and are to have a dance early in the New Year."

All our shyness and fatigue melted away at sight of our friend, and on hearing her gay prattle, and we were all chatting merrily together when—after rather a long drive—we drew up at the great entrance of the castle.

It was indeed a grand pile of buildings, flanked by two massive wings. I could not help wondering what the dead and gone Cromes would have thought, could they ever have guessed that their fine old castle would, one day, pass into a wine merchant's hands. However, such is life."

There was a circular sweep in front of the hall door, which opened out into a drive at the side, leading through a small park. The other side of the castle looked straight out over the sea, and we could hear the hoarse music of the waves as they dashed against the cliffs, or swished in the caves close by.

"This is a glorious old place," said Grace, springing lightly out of the carriage; "how we shall enjoy ourselves, Nancy," and, without waiting for an answer, she sped lightly up the steps by the side of Dolly, while I followed more slowly.

In the moment that they were waiting for the great door to unclose, the watery moon came out from a great bank of clouds, and I glanced curiously at the circular drive.

Certainly, there was no sign to-night of old Squire Crome and his old gray cob; and at that minute the door unclosed, and such a burst of glad welcome met us, that effectually drove all thought of ghost and goblin out of my head.

Indeed, as the days passed on, the atmosphere of the house was so full of light-hearted, innocent gaiety, that there was no time for a single gloomy thought.

The old place was exquisitely and brightly furnished, and decorated—in an old style indeed—to be in harmony with the building, but every object around was so beautiful, that the eye was unconsciously soothed and rested.

Our bedroom was particularly charming, with a small dressing-room adjoining, and I must confess that each night when I retired to rest, I was happily tired, and my head too full of delightful plans for the morrow, to have a single thought to spare for Hal's ghost story.

There was a certain Dr. Anderson amongst the company—a rich man, and very high in his profession, who seemed—yes, I do think he was really taken with our bonny Grace—and I noticed day by day how her sweet shy eyes grew brighter, and the rose tint on her cheek deepened, as he showed ever-increasing interest in her, and she unfolded silently to his influence like some sweet perfumed flower.

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The night of the dance at length arrived, and the house was crammed with guests.

Mrs. Portal asked us if we would mind giving up our bedroom to Colonel and Mrs. Saxby, and take one in another wing, equally pretty, but without a dressing-room.

Of course we gladly complied, and indeed the new chamber was even prettier than the last, only it was a panelled room, and in what was called the turret wing.

This building, we afterwards found, was the only part of the very old castle remaining, and had no connection with the two front wings.

I shall never forget how carefully we dressed for that dance, decking our plain white dresses with real flowers and ivy: and certainly in Grace the effect was charming.

What a delightful evening it was! Plenty of partners, and everybody kind and good natured.

I was so taken up sometimes in watching Dr. Anderson and Grace, that I was almost in danger of forgetting my share in the evening's festivities.

As I was standing for a minute alone, by a gigantic palm, and with a swelling heart, listened to the murmur of admiration that Grace's exceeding loveliness called forth, I was almost startled by a little tap on my arm, and looking round encountered the amused eyes of a tall, dark stranger.

"Day dreams in a ball-room!" he said in quick, decisive tones. "I am sorry to disperse them, but I must dance, and I should like to dance with you. Not engaged? Ah! that is well. You are Anne Stratton," he went on, "and am I Jack Portal, bronzed and changed no doubt by long travels, but still the same Jack as of old. And little Anne, I should have known you anywhere. Do you remember I used to call you Nancy, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes Nan?"

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and how cross I used to be: but I am very glad you are come back."

"That is just what I wanted to know," he said quietly. "Now we will dance."

I felt it only wanted Jack Portal's arrival to make this evening the most perfect of my life.

A little before supper, Captain Cameron, with whom I had been dancing, accidentally trod upon my dress and tore it, at least a yard. What would Maud say? This famous dress to be spoiled in one night's wear!

Then a happy thought struck me. I would slip out, fly upstairs, mend it, and be back again before the supper dance, for was I not to dance that with Jack? Seizing my opportunity, I flew out into the brilliantly-lighted hall, and up the grand staircase. It rises before me now as I write—the splendidly carved staircase, the statues holding soft bright lights, the flowers, and palms and ferns—I see it all, and feel the perfumed air.

I sped gaily along the grand corridor, and then turned into the narrower, in order to reach the lofty arch draped with scarlet that led into the turret wing.

Soon after I had turned into the second corridor, I thought I heard footsteps following me. Was it Grace, or some servant? I turned carelessly round, and saw standing a few paces from me a dark, evil-faced woman, dressed in the strangest costume. The light shone full upon her face, and brought out every line and expression. She was looking fixedly at me in a very strange manner. My heart beat very fast, but steadying myself I said in a husky voice:

"What do you want?"

No answer. Only the dreadful gaze from those fierce eyes. I felt thoroughly frightened then, and like a very child, throwing my torn skirt over my arm, I rushed along the corridor with a speed that I knew a heavy woman like that could never compass.

But for all that, she was close behind me, and the instant I turned under the archway into the turret wing, she was close beside me, and in another minute we were standing looking into each other's faces. By no wish of mine, you may be very sure; but I seemed under a spell, and not able to move.

Her black eyes, fastened on my face, seemed gradually curdling my blood and turning me to stone. I could neither move nor speak. She was holding me as by heavy cords, but they were invisible cords, I felt no bodily touch no coercion. It was a wicked spiritual influence.

I felt too despairing even to hope for rescue: it seemed as if this would go on eternally, and that I was bound to her for ever and for ever.

Then all at once, above the hopeless anguish of my mind, a blessed name was borne in upon my thoughts. The very idea seemed to give me power to open my lips, and in a voice not like my own, I said:

"In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, release me."

That very instant, as surely as I write, the invisible bonds snapped asunder, I was free as air, and the woman had disappeared.

When I came to myself, some time after, I was lying on a sofa in the housekeeper's sitting-room, and she was pouring some cordial down my throat.

"One of the maids found you fainting in the corridor, miss, and brought you here. You are over-tired no doubt."

Then I sat up and remembered all, and a violent fit of shuddering came over me.

"I will ask Dr. Anderson to look at you," said Mrs. Parker with much concern.

"No, no," I said. "Only let my sister and Mrs. Portal know that I am all right, only tired, and I will wait here for Grace."

"Will you go to your own room?" said kind Mrs. Parker. "There is sure to be a nice fire, and I will send you some refreshments."

Pass through that dreadful corridor and under that archway without Grace! No, never!

I looked round the bright little room.

"Oh! let me stay if I am not in your way," I said, and so it was settled.

I had many visitors, as I feared.

Dr. Anderson lightly felt my pulse and a curious glance said:

"Quiet is all she needs. Come along, we must clear the room."

He was obeyed, Grace and Dolly only stopping behind a moment, to kiss and fondle me, and express their sympathy.

Jack Portal once put his head in at the door and said:

"Come, come, this will never do, Miss Nancy. You promised me the supper dance, and you know you dance like a fairy."

I made him some laughing reply, and as the door closed Mrs. Parker said:

"He always did set such a store by you, Miss Anne; isn't it a blessing he has come home safe from foreign parts?"

Mrs. Parker was quite an old friend She had been a kind of upper nurse at the Portal's when we were all children. She loved all the Portals, but she adored Jack.

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About two hours later, Grace and I were seated before a glowing fire in our bedroom, in dressing gown and slippers, with our hair floating around us.

The bedroom was—as I have before said—a panelled room, and whatever was the prevailing tone in olden times, it was now a pale blue. It was a very pretty room indeed, and especially cheerful, and seemed such a happy refuge after my fright.

I breathed freely now the door was safely locked, the fire was burning brightly, and I had my Gracie.

She was full of gay chatter, and Dr. Anderson's name was often mentioned.

I glanced round the room again while she was talking, and noticed for the first time how exquisitely the bedstead was carved and that it was not modern. But the silken coverlet, the lace trimmed pillows, and our pretty bright sachets lying ready for us on either side of the bed, looked cosy and modern enough, and all my ghostly fear fled.

I drew my chair closer to the fire and put my feet upon the fender. So did Grace, and in this manner we were both sitting with our back to the bed.

"I will tell you all now, Gracie," I said, and then I told her all about my terrible fright in the corridor.

Grace grew pale as I concluded, but she rested her cheek caressingly on my shoulder and said:

"All imagination, Nannie; you were over excited and tired."

"You are welcome to think so," I said, "and we won't discuss the subject; but to me it seems to bring honor to 'the name that is above every name.'"

"Yes," she softly said, and then we remained a long time silent; her head resting on my shoulder and her long golden hair falling like a shower over my dressing gown. The brush had fallen from her hand, and I noticed the curious effect in the firelight of the mingling of my dark hair with her bright tresses.

No sound broke the happy stillness of the room, except the low sighing of the flames, and outside the dashing of the waves against the cliffs and the tapping of ivy leaves against the window panes.

Presently, with a happy sigh, Grace sat up, such a light in her eye, and rose tint on her cheek.

"Nancy, we must go to bed," she said. "Dr. Anderson is going to teach me a new figure on the ice to-morrow, and I do love skating," and she turned, as if towards the bed.

"This morning you mean, darling," I said, slowly rising to follow her.

I heard then an inarticulate sound from Grace, and turning sharply towards her, I saw a sight which froze my blood.

Grace stood quite upright and rigid, every trace of color had fled, and her long bright hair fell over her blue dressing-gown like a glory.

Her face looked to me just like the face of a statue, except that her lips were parted, her hands extended, and her eyes dilated with an unspeakable horror. I followed the direction of this horrified gaze and saw—— But how can I describe it? Gone from the bed were our bright new sachets, all gone!

Instead, the bed was heavily draped with dark green velvet and antique fringe, and lying side by side in our bed, stiff, straight and dead, were two lovely young girls, pure-looking and placid, only there was an ugly blue mark on the temple of one.

I do think the shock of this sight would have killed me only there was Grace to be thought of. I flew to her; I could not speak, my mouth was parched and dry, but I tried to drag her to the door, she resisting, though faintly, and ever keeping her awful gaze fixed upon the bed.

How I unlocked the door and got her into Dolly's room I could never after tell, but we did get there at last, and Dolly, sitting up shivering in bed, saw, by the dying firelight, a sight she could never after forget.

Grace, standing upright and rigid in the middle of the room, her affrighted eyes wildly dilated and uttering a succession of the most fearful shrieks that could ever have fallen from human lips.

Soon the room was in a hubbub. The only distinct sound I heard after was Dr. Anderson saying in a deeply moved voice:

"She must have had some frightful shock; leave her to me and Mrs. Portal."

I remember nothing more, and it was some days before I recovered full consciousness.

When I did, my mother was bending over me, and that was consolation indeed.

After that, she never left Grace night nor day.

It was a weary, anxious time and followed.

A great doctor came down from London in consultation with Dr. Anderson and they both thought Grace would die. Even if her life were spared, they agreed she would lose her senses.

Imagine therefore my thankfulness when, one evening as I was sitting in a low chair by the side of her bed, looking—oh, so anxiously at her dear wan face, she suddenly unclosed her eyes, and looking at me quite sensibly, said, in the faintest of faint tones:

"I remember it all. Nan, did you see them? Ah, I see you did. Poor girls! They could not harm us!"

"No indeed, darling," I answered soothingly, and giving her some beef tea, told her to go to sleep, which she did, and from that time recovered rapidly.

The full particulars of that night were told to very few people, and they seemed a little sceptical about the "appearances."

"At any rate," said kind, motherly Mrs. Portal, "there shall be no shadow on the brightness of this dear old place. Father wants a fresh gallery for his new pictures, so we will have a heavy oaken door where the archway now is, and shut off the whole of the turret wing. Father can have that for his pictures."

This was done, and many times in after years I have wandered by daylight, quite alone, all over the turret wing looking at the pictures.

The buying of pictures was Mrs. Portal's great hobby, and a very expensive one he found it. However, he was immensely rich, and no doubt got taken in over and over again.

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Many years have pressed away.

My sister Grace has long since married Dr. Anderson, and a very happy match it has proved.

I am engaged to Jack Portal, and Jack sometimes asks me what I think the pictures see at midnight, in the turret wing.

This I know of a surety, if I were to go there at midnight, footsteps would follow me, a dark, evil-faced woman would try to enthral me, and in the blackest of black nights an unearthly light would ever show up the two murdered girls in their antique bed under the heavy canopy.

The portraits stare stonily night after night on strange scenes in the turret wing, but—like the dead—they tell no tales.

# In The Forest.

BY S. U. W.

THE family of Cliffhurst were sitting at breakfast when Gresham, the district attorney, drove up to the door.

"Come with me to the forest," he said, to Mr. Mordaunt, in some excitement. "There has been a terrible murder committed there, and I want your advice."

Mr. Mordaunt was a retired lawyer, who had been particularly celebrated in criminal cases, and who spent his summers at the estate he owned, called Cliffhurst, a few miles from Berkton.

"Willingly," he said. "I confess I still take an interest in all difficult cases."

When they were seated side by side in the carriage Mr. Gresham said:

"I was not more explicit before the ladies, because the accused is one they know—Miss Stray. She has killed her father!"

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Mordaunt, in an accent of horror and incredulity.

"So I said when I first heard of it. But the proof is unanswerable. She is now in Berkton jail."

"I don't believe a word of it," retorted the other. "We know her slightly, yet well enough to make me sure that there's some mistake about it. No, it can't be."

His companion shook his head.

"I fear you are too sanguine. But you will see and judge for yourself. There is to be an inquest at The Locks."

The Locks, as the name implied, were on the canal. There had always been a small settlement there, but since the railroad had been built and a station, followed by a post-office, the hamlet had grown considerably.

Close by was a gap in the South Mountain, which led to what was called the Forest, a wild stretch of woodland from five to ten miles wide, running between nearly parallel hills and extending for some thirty miles from north-east to south-west.

The name was well deserved, for excepting a few small houses scattered here and there the whole district was covered with its original growth of oak and chestnut, with here and there grim hemlocks and pines. The settlers were principally of German descent, the ancestors having come from the Palatinate a century and a half before.

They retained in a remarkable degree the manners and customs of the Fatherland. Their houses were generally of stone, frequently with overhanging stories, and often with stone staircases built outside.

In one of the wildest parts of the Forest, high up on a spur of the sandstone hills, lived, or had lived, old Wilhelm Stray, a usurer, a miser, the cruellest of creditors, it was said, and a tyrant to his family and all under him. He was supposed, however, to be the richest man in the county, and it was his only child who was now accused of his murder.

"It seems," said the district attorney, "that his daughter had been clandestinely meeting a young man, and that her father, hearing of it, fell into a great rage, and threatened to turn her out of doors. There was nothing against the lover, unless it was his poverty. His father, Colonel Wolcott, was once member of Congress for the adjoining districts; he himself is a rising young lawyer. The girl had first met him at the house of an old schoolmate.

"She was at Mrs. Collingwood's boarding-school, as perhaps you know, for stingy as old Stray was he appears to have wished his only child to be brought up a lady. What passed interview between father and daughter is not fully known. The servant girl over-heard angry words, but could not always distinguish their purport.

"She is sure, however, that just before the altercation was over the father threatened to disinherit the daughter. Shortly after the old man left the house on foot to walk to the Locks, where he intended to take the train to Berkton.

"Almost immediately Miss Stray followed. Within twenty minutes a forgeman going home came on her in a gap, standing over the dead body of her father. Her agitation on being detected was, as he says, conclusive evidence of her guilt.

"But that of course is only opinion. The damning fact are the quarrel, an intelligent motive for the deed, blood on the linen cuff of her right hand, and the finding of an oriental dagger, which she had long used for a paper-cutter, in a thicket close by, as if flung there when she heard the forgeman coming. The dagger was still wet with the crimson stain, by-the-bye, when found."

"What does the daughter say?"

"Oh, she denies it, of course. Says she had just discovered the body, and that she was horrified at the sight, a horror which the forgeman mistook for proof of guilt. The dagger, she declares, was last seen by her that morning on her table. The blood on her cuff she explains by saying she had stooped to see if her father was really dead, and so stained the linen."

"Well, I believe her."

"That's because you know her and pity her. Who else could have done the deed? Who had any motive? Really, you are too old a man, too experienced a lawyer to let sentimental motives cloud your judgment. The best that can be said for her is that she did it in a fit of sudden passion; they say her temper is high, she was goaded to it perhaps. Another Beatrice Cenci."

"God forbid," said the other. "But come, we'll say no more till we have seen for ourselves.

The two gentlemen first visited the scene of the murder. There were no signs of a struggle, such as both had expected to find. But Mr. Gresham said:

"The stroke was too quick and sure for that, I suppose. The old man fell and died like an ox stunned by a single blow."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "See, here is where his feet were planted firmly in the soil—the deep indentation is unmistakeable, it looks to me as if there was some little resistance at least."

"But there is no sign of any other footsteps."

"No. Perhaps the assailants stood on this rock here. By-the-bye, the moss seems to me slightly abraided."

"I don't see it. I rather think the assailant wore shoes that would not make an indentation—a woman's shoe, in fact."

"But what is this?" cries Mr. Mordaunt.

He stooped as he spoke and picked up, about two yards from where the body had lain, a curiously shaped button with a fragment of green cloth attached to it. The button lay just at the edge of thicket, concealed by the overhanging laurels.

"Here is something that may give a clue. It looks as if the button had been torn off in a struggle."

"Pshaw," said the district attorney. "A mere coincidence. The button has been there for years probably. Don't you see that it is quite unlike any one you ever saw before?"

"Nevertheless, note down where we found it."

The next place visited was the house of the murdered man. The corpse was lying on a bed, but with the clothes still on, awaiting the coroner's jury. A constable kept watch to prevent any interference until the inquest should have met. He was as garrulous as Dogberry himself.

"I'll take my 'davy,' that I will," he said, "that the gal's sweetheart put her up to it. The thing stands to natur'. There's where the dagger went in," he added, lifting the sheet.

"A single blow seems to have been sufficient," remarked the district attorney.

"It was a much stronger one in my opinion," said Mr. Mordaunt, after a pause, "than any girl's hand could have dealt. Ha!" he added, in a whisper, "what does this mean?"

"What?" asked Mr. Gresham, while the constable, having replaced the sheet, walked to a window.

"Don't you see? The blow was a left-handed one. Now Miss Stray, as I happen to know, is not left-handed."

"This is really does look like something at last," said the other, reflecting.

For even he could see that the cut, instead of from right to left, which would have been the case if the blow had been dealt in the usual way, went from left to right, as if a left-handed person had struck it.

But Mr. Gresham's incredulity returned after a moment.

"Don't let us be too quick," he said. "It is not impossible for a right-handed person to have struck such a blow; once in a score of times it might happen, perhaps oftener. Besides, you can't explain away the dagger, that damning fact remains."

"It will all explain itself in good time," answed Mr. Mordaunt, "I had faith from the first in the girl's innocence. Now I am sure of it. At present I am going back to the Locks, where every about here is known. I am looking, you see, for a left-handed man who had some interest in this murder."

Mr. Gresham shrugged his shoulders, but quietly followed his friend.

The inn at The Locks was crowded. Everbody from a circuit of twenty miles around had been attracted thither by the report of the tragedy.

"The real criminal," argued Mr. Mordaunt, "will most probably be there, for he will be anxious to hear the coroner's verdict. I wonder if his manner will betray him to me."

But amid all the throng he saw no one who showed the least sign of guilt. The beer mugs circulated freely, and the room was filled with tobacco smoke. A dozen voices at once discussed whether the lover had been an accessory, but the opinion was universal that the daughter was guilty. No, not quite universal, for one man, the farmer from the Forest, ventured to dissent.

"For where is the money?" he said. "I paid him three hundred and fifty-six dollars the evening before, some money I had borrowed from him last year. He was, I saw, afraid to keep it in the house over night, he feared robbers; he told me he would take it to the bank the first thing the next morning. Now there was no money found on him."

"The girl robbed him after killing him," said a harsh voice in answer. No doubt of it."

Mr. Mordaunt looked around quickly. The man spoke in German, with a Bavarian accent. As if to emphasise his words, he plunged his beer mug down on the table with a vigor that made the pipes lying there rattle.

That beer mug was held in his left hand! More than this, the button which Mr. Mordaunt had found was the button belonging to the uniform of the railway employes of Bavaria, as he happened to know.

Mr. Mordaunt turned to his next neighbor.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked.

"Well, I hardly know. A new-comer here, just from Germany; lives off in the Forest by himself. They say he's been making up to the servant girl at old Stray's, however; she's believed to have saved money. She has probably told him that her mistress robbed the old man; he seems so positive about it."

But this solution was far from being that of Mr. Mordaunt. On the contrary, he attributed the accusation of the man to a desired to screen himself. As if by a flash the whole tragedy from this moment became clear.

Mr. Mordaunt rose and leaving the room sought the district attorney.

"I want two search warrants," he said. "One for the trunks of the servant girl at Stray's and another for the house or cabin of a Bavarian living, I am told, at the three-mile cross-roads in the Forest. Three or four officers also, as we may have to make arrests."

"This is rather unusual, as you well know, but we'll stretch a point to please you," said Mr. Gresham. "I'm afraid your zeal for once, however, has outrun your judgment."

"Trust me for that," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "My intuitions in these matters have never misled me."

Accordingly he found, on searching the Bavarian's house, just what he had expected, the green uniform of a flag station guard in Bavarian with one button missing. The button had evidently been violently wrenched out. The bit of cloth attached to the button, which Mr. Mordaunt had picked up, exactly fitted the rent.

"So far as good," said Mr. Mordaunt. "Now for the servant girl."

On examining her trunks a roll of notes was discovered, which the farmer from the Forest, who was brought to the house for the purpose, identified as part of the money he had paid to the old man.

"See, here is my mark," he said, showing a peculiar cross on each note. "I always put that on every bill."

When this was made known to the servant the bravado which she had shown at first gave way, and she confessed all. The murder had been suggested by the Bavarian, who was in the kitchen when the farmer came to pay off his loan.

"The miserly wretch has lived long enough," he argued, "his death won't harm anybody—this money will make us rich. He's sure, you say, to go to bank with it to-morrow. We will throw suspicion on his daughter."

It was then, in discussing this part of the tragedy, that the girl spoke of the dagger of her mistress.

"That is just the thing," cried the Bavarian. "Get it for me to-morrow. I will hide in the edge of the woods watching till I see the old man go out, then I will steal down to the back door and get the dagger from you. Leave the rest to me."

All this happened several years ago. The Bavarian was arrested, tried, condemned, and hung. The girl, by giving convicting evidence, saved her life. It was not, it was discovered, the first serious crime of the murderer. He had fled from Bavaria to avoid arrest for a homicide committed there.

He had never worn his old uniform except on the day of Mr. Stray's death, and he put it on then, thinking it a disguise.

"But 'twas the devil who suggested it," he said, wrathfully; "had I not worn it I would have never been found out. Yes, the old man held on tight and cried for help, it was some time before I could make a sure stroke—and I wasn't going to make but one."

Miss Stray lived in the strictest seclusion for more than two years after the tragedy, and then was married to her lover in the quietest way, only the Mordaunts being present. Her husband is now one of the leading members of the bar at Berkton, where they reside, for she never went back to the house in the Forest.

The old edifice is fast falling to decay, and is said to be haunted, strange noises being heard at nights in it, wailings, groans, prayers for mercy, or so the excited imaginations of the neighbors fancy.

It was only the other day that one of Mr. Mordaunt's daughters was dining at Mrs. Ellicott's.

"Let us go out on the piazza and look at the sunset," said the hostess, as they rose from the table. "Yes, darling, you may come too," this to her little girl who was clinging to her dress. "Do you know that people who have been abroad tell me that the view from here down the valley is not unlike that from Fesole?"

"I have seen that view," answered the other. All this one wants is the white villas scattered over the slopes. The scenery is quite as fine."

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Ellicott, after a long gaze, "how thankful I ought to be. I never thought to be so so happy. Under God, too, I owe it, my dear, in a great degree to your father. He it was that lifted me up from out of that awful, awful gulf."

She suddenly covered her eyes with both hands and shuddered. And this was the only time she was ever heard to allude to the "tragedy in the forest.

## SOME INSURANCE FRAUDS.

The large insurance companies seldom dispute claims unless they have grounds of suspicion amounting to moral certainty. Even in this event they sometimes pay over the insurance money rather than go to law, because, however good their case may be, a contest excites suspicion against them in the minds of the public, and has often an appreciable effect on their business.

Now and again, however, it is absolutely necessary if they are, and know they are, dealing with a clever rogue, to trot the gentleman through the law courts to save themselves and not be swindled outright.

There is one company in London whose boast it is that it has never been driven to this extreme but once. The facts were these: A man named Innes had effected a policy for one thousand pounds on the life of his step-daughter. She died under rather tragical circumstances; and Innes produced a will, which appeared on the face of it to have been duly executed by her, declaring him executor and legatee.

Its validity was contested; and Innes produced two attesting witnesses, who swore boldly to all the required formalities. They would have won the case for the legatee had the latter not insisted on calling a third witness. This man's courage failed him, or a feeling of compunction overmastered him.

Wan and ghastly he entered the witness-box, where his first words were: "My lord, my name is Borthwick; I am brother to the witness of the same name who has been examined. The will was not made on the Bridge Gate at Glasgow; it was forged by a schoolmaster in the Mase in the borough."

For his share in this attempted swindle, Innes was hanged; and his two confederates were sentenced each to five years' imprisonment.

The first notorious insurance fraud occurred a century and a half ago. A man and woman of the semi-genteel class, the woman about twenty, and the man old enough to be her father, were the actors.

Scene the first was the seeming death-bed of the lady, round which the neighbors were hastily summoned in the middle of the night by her male companion, who called her his daughter, and said she had been suddenly seized with pains in the heart.

Before the doctor could arrive, she was to all appearance a corpse; and after feeling her pulse, he solemnly pronounced that all was over. Her remains were enclosed in a coffin and buried. The man claimed the amount insured on her life, and disappeared from the vicinity of St. Giles'.

Not long afterwards, a couple, strangely like the two actors in the foregoing scene, came to reside in Queen Square, then a rather fashionable quarter. They kept a pleasant house, entertained their neighbors, and made themselves thoroughly popular.

This was kept up for some months, and then there was a repetition of the catastrophe—a heart complaint, a short sharp death-struggle, a despondent doctor, and a funeral. For a second time the insurance companies, individual and associated, were bled to the tune of several thousands.

A year or two later the pair reappeared in Liverpool in the shape of a merchant and his niece who kept house for him. On this new arena the man came out in the grave, decorous, and eminently respectable line of subscribing to charities, going regularly to church, and yielding to mundane vanities and indulgences only so far as to give good dinners.

After a time he adopted the tone of one who had sustained unexpected reverses, which compelled him to borrow money on the security of property depending on his niece's life. He effected policies accordingly; and the old game was played over again for the third time with similar success.

After a decent delay, he left Liverpool 'because of the saddening reminiscences,' he said, and was not suspected for some time. He was probably meditating a fourth coup, when the three adventures and the circumstances attending them became known to the victims, and compelled him to lie low again. He never reappeared; but as he had made over twenty thousand pounds by the game, he could afford to live in retirement.

The most mysterious part of the affair is the 'niece.' Had she the power of simulating death? Or had she discovered the secret of the draught compounded by Friar Laurence for Juliet? But it is possible that the medical men and the undertakers were bribed.

Four gentlemanly-looking individuals hired a boat one wild autumn evening at Blackfriars Bridge, and rowed up the river. After going some distance, the boat suddenly overturned, and its occupants were seen struggling for their lives in the water. Three of them were rescued, but nothing could be seen of the fourth.

Grappling-irons were procured, the river dragged, but to no purpose: the man had evidently been drowned, and carried away from the tide. It was noble to see the efforts of the survivors to rescue their ill fated companion, and it was pitiable to witness their grief when the attempt had to be given up.

Some hours later, three men in a second boat made their way up stream towards the scene of the overturning, and deposited by the river side, at a place where the tide might have left the drowned man's body, a corpse specially procured. Then they rowed down stream towards Greenwich. In the morning they were on the spot again; heard that a body had been picked up, and recognized it amid many tears, as that of their friend.

An inquest was held, a verdict of 'accidental death' returned, and a large sum in the way of insurance money was drawn. The missing man had not drowned: he had swum under the water to the opposite bank: the tears was only crocodile's; and the body placed on the bank had been obtained from a hospital.

With his share the 'dead' man went to Paris, where he quickly spent it. Having a disinclination for honest labor, he thought he would 'do' the companies a second time.

He got to Liverpool, and there made an application to a London office for an insurance of two thousand pounds on the life of a gentleman, a commerical traveler, on whose behalf permission was sought to extend the privilege of traveling to America. The life was found to be a good average one, and the permission was given.

Only a few months afterwards, application was made for the money: the insured gentleman had been drowned in one of the American lakes. Death and identity seemed clearly established, and the office signified its willingness to pay the money at the end of the usual three months. It transpired afterwards that this was all a cleverly worked swindle; the 'traveler' had not been out of England; and the American part of the business had been done by another rascal.

A man whose initials are given as C—— D—— insured his life for sums amounting to ten thousand pounds. A year afterwards, his death was represented as having occurred at one of our fashionable watering-places; and after a very full investigation, with the depositions of ten witnesses, who swore to their belief of his having been drowned, and of four additional, who proved his identity, the companies paid the sum on his policies. Two years after his supposed death, he turned up at his native place.

Very similar to this fraud was that of that landed proprietor who insured his life for fourteen thousand pounds, who was thought to have been drowned, his clothes being found on the banks of a deep river, and who really died five years later in America.

## SOUNDS DURING THE NIGHT.

The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which has been observed even by the ancients.

In crowded cities, or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favorable direction of the prevailing wind.

Baron Humboldt was partially struck with this phenomenon when he first heard the rushing of the great cataract of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Aures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day.

Some authors ascribe this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees; but Baron Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinoco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset.

Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere.

When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a uniform medium, and objects seen through it are very indistinctly visible with a tremulous motion, as if they were "dancing in the air."

The very same effect is perceived when we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red-hot poker, or over a flame.

In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of different density, and the reflected rays are constantly changing their direction, as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium.

"Now, for example," said Miss Wellalong, twirling a corkscrew ringlet in her fingers, "there is my Cousin Penelope's little girl Fanny. Think of it! Reading Plato, and only 11 years old. It is so strange and yet so charming—don't you think so, Mr. Hankinson?—to see an old head on young shoulders!" "Y-yes," said Hankinson, rather dubiously, and moving his chair a little further away.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A marriage took place at El Reno, Tex., a short time ago that borders on the "romantic." A woman who was divorced from her husband some years ago was stopping at a boarding house in that city with her children. Her funds finally became exhausted, and her landlady learning the whereabouts of the woman's ex-husband, wrote him and acquainted him with the circumstances, and he immediately came to the rescue, a reconciliation followed and the couple were remarried and at once left for their old home.

The English people have a deep-seated love for their old churches and cathedrals, and they spend money lavishly for their preservation. In the last 20 years not less than $63,988,140 has been expended in the restoration of these edifices, and this does not include any sum below $2500. In London alone no less than $4,101,645 has been thus expended. In addition, $48,038,915 has been devoted in the country at large to the erection of new churches. Another notable fact is that most of the money raised for these purposes has been derived from private gifts.

Parents who are in the habit of putting their young children out to nurse will do well to ponder over the following case recently tried in a police court at Paris: From the testimony it appears that a nurse-woman was in the habit of giving a baby in her charge an artificially healthy complexion by cruelly painting the infantile face with cosmetics. The child progressed so nicely that its weight increased in an astonishing manner, owing, it was said, to some shot which the nurse placed in the baby's clothes. Finally the cruel fraud was detected, and the woman received two years' imprisonment.

I have two animals at home that dream and talk in their sleep very much as do human being. One is a bloodhound and the other a canary. Late the other night, when I got home from work, I heard a peculiar muffled sound coming from the bird's cage. Stepping up to it I found it was the canary singing. He had his head neatly tucked under his wing, but was singing away on one of his favorite songs just as if the sun was shining and he was overjoyed to see it. Frequently during the night or day the dog I mentioned will begin to growl and bark in his sleep. Then again he will wag his tail and show every sign of pleasure at some thought passing through his brain, all the time being sound asleep.

Says an amateur in astronomy: "One of the most startling facts that I have learned about other worlds than ours, and one that brings the immensity of the sun before the mind in an impressively practical way, is this: That if the earth were placed at the centre of the sun, and the moon should retain the same relative position it now has, the distance from the earth to the moon would be only a little more than half the distance from the centre of the sun to its circumference, that is, the entire orbit of the moon, 480,000 miles in diameter, is not much more than half the size of the sun, which is over 800,000 in diameter. It seems to me that nothing can convey to the mind an idea of the immensity of some things in the universe the smallness of others—our earth for example—in a more practical way than this plain statement of simple astronomical facts."

"Hymen, you won that wheelbarrow bet, did you? It must have made the other fellow look foolish to wheel you all over town in the middle of the day." "Why—er—yes; but I found out after the ride was over that the blamed scoundrel had tacked the label 'garbage' in big letters on the front end of the wheelbarrow."

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# Our Young Folks.

## SOME FAIRY DOINGS.

BY T. W. H.

I THINK you all know that Germany is a wonderful place for fairies: that is to say, it would be a wonderful place for them if such odd, delightful, and altogether unaccountable little creatures really existed.

Every well-brought up boy and girl knows, of course, that they do exist—in Fairyland; but people in the olden days went farther than that, and were firmly persuaded that there were sprites, and elves, and gnomes, and bogies all around them, in the woods, mountains, caves, and rivers, sometimes even in their own houses.

This is the reason why so many of the ancient castles of Germany have some sort of fairy legend attached to them; and the number of ruined towers and castles said to contain great hoards of buried treasure is quite astonishing.

I feel sure there would be no more poor people if all this fairy gold could be dug up and distributed; but, unfortunately, there are always serious difficulties in the way, such as dragons, or serpents, or doors that either refuse to let searchers in, or "contrariwise" decline to let them out again.

It is evident that the fairies prefer to keep their treasures for themselves; although now and then, it seems, they make a small present, and some fortunate man finds his pocket full of gold pieces instead of wooden chips.

There is a legend of this description about Sigmund's Castle, in the Tyrol.

Only a few ruins still remain, which are on the top of a lofty rock, jutting out of a small lake; but the story runs that there are two cellars there full of uncoined gold and silver. Once a maid-servant belonging to an inn got up early, but could not succeed in lighting the fire.

Seeing a light in the castle, she went over to it, and found a fire in the kitchen, and a young lady in a red gown with black and white stripes sitting beside it.

The servant took some of the burning coals in her shovel, upon which the young lady told her to carry them all away in her apron.

The girl replied that she had enough; but when she reached home all the coals were changed into lumps of silver.

Back she hurried to the castle, but this time all was dark, and the lady in the striped dress had disappeared.

The old Castle of Hudemuhlen, in North Germany, was said to be haunted once by a remarkable kobold, or house-sprite, who made his first appearance there in 1584.

He began by throwing things about and making a great deal of noise; but after a while he grew very friendly, chatted to the inhabitants of the castle, and played a thousand antics.

When they asked him who he was and what he wanted there, he answered that his name was Hinzelmann, that he came from a forest in Bohemia, where his companions refused to put up with him any longer; but for all this he was an honest fellow, and meant no harm.

The master of the castle did not care about having a kobold to live with him, and decided to leave for a time, and go to Hanover.

On the way, it was noticed that a white feather flew by the side of the carriage, and before he got to Hanover the lord of Hudemuhlen discovered that Hinzelmann was accompanying him in this form.

Thinking it of no use to travel any further, he turned back, and gave up trying to get rid of a kobold who was not to be dismissed at any price.

Hinzelmann, however, made himself very useful at the castle. Every night he washed up the dishes and polished the kettle, and he looked after the horses and the groom too, for they felt the weight of a stick if they did not do their work properly.

He always knew where everything was, and when children stayed at the castle he often played with them in the form of a pretty little boy with curly hair and red velvet coat.

Hinzelmann was very much attached to two of the Hudemuhlen ladies: so much so, that he would let neither of them get married.

For when anyone came to woo Lady Anne, he was certain to see written up on the wall opposite him, in golden letters—

"Take Maid Catherine, and leave me Maid Anne."

On the other hand, if it was Lady Catherine whom he loved, the sentence would be read—

"Take Maid Anne, and leave me Maid Catherine."

If that was not sufficient, Hinzelmann played the poor man such tricks that he was thankful to escape from the castle with his life; and the consequence of it all was that Maid Anne and Maid Catherine, although they lived to a great age, never left Hudemuhlen.

This was not the case with the kobold, for after a few years he went back to Bohemia, his term of banishment being apparently over.

Before he left, however, he gave the owner of the castle a little cross, plaited out of silk, a straw hat made by himself, and a leathern glove, telling him that as long as these three things remained in the family it would prosper.

Catherine and Anne took great care of them, but after a century or so the kobold's presents disappeared.

It is said that the Emperor Ferdinand II. had the hat, and thought a good deal of it; but I should not like to assert that any part of the legend of Hudemuhlen Castle was true.

The knights who lived at the Castle of Nideck in ancient days were a race of giants: at least, so the story runs.

On a certain occasion the young daughter of one of these knights left her mountain home, and wandered down into the valley.

She came to a field where a man was at work ploughing: and what did the giddy child do but kneel down, pick up man, plough and horses, pop them all into her apron, and run home gleefully to her father.

"Well, my child, what have you there?" asked the knight when she entered.

His daughter opened a corner of her apron and let him peep in.

"Oh, father, the sweetest little toy! I never saw anything so pretty in my life!"

Her father, however, looked grave.

"Child," said he, "that is no plaything. Take it back at once, and put it where you found it."

The great big baby giantess began to cry at this, but the knight paid no attention to her tears, but only said—

"Do as I tell you, and don't grumble. Foolish little girl! if the peasant did not plough his fields down in the valley we giants in our rocky fortress would have nothing to eat."

Now I am going to tell you of a little gnome who helped a gallant knight to win a fair lady.

The lady lived at Castle Falkenstein, and her name was Irmengarde. Where the knight lived I do not exactly know, but he was called Kuno: the gnome probably had a palace inside the mountain, and I do not fancy he ever told anybody his name.

The castle was built on the top of an exceedingly steep and rugged rock, and the only way to get to it was by a footpath just wide enough for a single traveler, which wound round and round the mountain.

The lord of Falkenstein was not a very pleasant or agreeable knight, and when Kuno asked him to allow Irmengarde to become his wife, he answered, with a scornful laugh—

"Not so fast, my dear friend, not so fast. I should much like to have the narrow path that leads to my castle widened into a handsome carriage road. If you like to undertake the work you shall have my daughter; but, mind you, it must be finished by to-morrow morning."

Kuno stepped back thunder-struck; such a thing was impossible, and as the old count remained obstinate, there was nothing to be done but to ride away.

He went to the mines, where his men were digging copper, and spoke to the overseer; and the overseer shook his head, and said—

"Sir Knight, if we had double our number of workers it would still take several months."

As Kuno turned sorrowfully away, he was accosted by a little old man in a dark cowl: the gnome, in fact, of whom I made mention.

"I know what you want," said he, "and I will help you, if you will do me a favor."

"Only tell me what it is," cried Kuno.

"Then do not let your miners in St. Margaret's Valley bore through into my territory, or I and my people will have to leave the hill," and with that the little man disappeared.

That night the Castle of Falkenstein was shaken as if by an earthquake; the noise of hammers and pickaxes could be heard, and the count woke up in astonishment, crying—

"I do believe Kuno is chopping the mountain in two."

Then a terrible storm arose, and the wind raged and howled round the solitary fortress on the summit of the rock.

The next morning, as soon as the sun rose, a silver horn sounded, and up the mountain there came a procession of carriages and horses. Irmengarde hastened to the window, just in time to see Kuno spring from his horse, while a beautiful carriage rolled through the castle gate.

Then the old count woke up: he had spent most of the night in his arm-chair; and as the carriage road was really there, he could do no less than fulfill his promise.

The knight and his lady love were married forthwith; and if you ever go into the Rhine country you will see the ruins of Castle Falkenstein.

## WHO WAS THE COWARD?

BY L. P. A.

"LOOK, baby, look!" said Charley.

"Look, baby, look!" said Letty, who was sitting on the floor by baby, with her arm round him. "See pretty little man that Charley has bought at the fair for baby."

Charley jerked the little man by the string, and its arms and legs moved up and down and made Letty laugh. But baby did not laugh; he sat with his finger in his mouth, and looked quite another way. Indeed, he looked as if he was going to cry.

"Perhaps he is frightened," said Letty. "He doesn't know what it is."

"Oh, nonsense!" Charley replied. "He is a braver baby than to be afraid of such a thing. He shall see it closer, and touch it, and then he will know that it cannot hurt him."

And Charley left off pulling the string, and then he held the little wooden man close to baby, and took his hand to make him stroke it. But baby shrank back and clung closely to Letty; whilst Charley held the wooden toy closer and closer to him, saying—

"It won't hurt you, baby. Just feel it; take it in your hand."

But baby screamed loudly, and Letty begged Charley to take the toy away.

"Go away, Charley, go away! Don't you hear how baby is sobbing?"

"I don't care," said Charley, who was getting angry. "He must not be such a little coward."

"He is only a baby, Charley. Do leave him alone."

"What is this noise about?" asked papa, looking in at the door.

Then Letty told her father what the trouble was.

"Come with me, Charley," said papa.

And Charley followed his father into his study. There was a long ladder standing against the wall. It leaned all on one side, he thought, and it did not seem very steady.

"Just you go up the ladder, and get me that book down, will you," said his father.

Charley looked at the ladder, but he did not try to go up.

"What's the matter, Charley?"

"Is it safe?"

"Oh, quite safe; what a coward you are, you are as bad as baby."

"Oh no! it is different: it was only a toy that I wanted baby to look at, but I may fall down from the ladder."

"There is no danger," said his father, "though the ladder looks a little out of a straight line; but it is quite safe. You see, Charley, you are no more willing to do something you are afraid of than baby was. He thought the toy would hurt him, so he would not touch it: you think you shall fall from the ladder, so you won't go up it. Do you see what I want to show you?"

Charley hung down his head.

"I think I do, papa. I won't call baby a coward again."

A GENTLEMAN wishing to help a young friend of his who had lately been ordained, asked the clergyman of the parish to lend the young deacon his pulpit for a Sunday. "No, my dear sir," said the parson; "he may preach better than I do, and then my congregation will be dissatisfied with me." "But he may not preach as well as you do." "Then," emphatically responded the other, "he is not fit to preach at all."

A RAT-CATCHER.—Brazilians train a snake called the giboia as a rat catcher. It is fifteen feet long, is harmless to the human being, becomes quite a household pet, is lazy in the daytime, but at night roams about the house in quest of its prey, the rats. These animals it promptly kills by twisting their necks.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A Bridgeport, Conn., woman has 17 children.

The output of all the American manufactories for 1892 was $7,215,000,000.

Each person in this country sends on an average 44 letters every year.

An ordinary housefly has 8000 eyes, and the dragonfly has 25,000 eyes.

It is estimated that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wood.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory; and chicory with carrots, turnips and mangelwurzel.

A sportsman in Scotland is said to have recently brought down 140 birds at one shot.

The war horse of Colonel Auchmuty, of Lenox, Mass., died a few days ago aged 36 years.

It is estimated that 24 letters in a million go astray; but it's always the 24 that are wanted the worst.

Of the entire human race 500,000,000 are well clothed, 700,000,000 cover only a portion of the body, and 250,000,000 go entirely naked.

The largest butter and cheese factory in the world is in Chicago, which has a daily capacity of 4½ tons of butter and 9 tons of cheese.

In Continental Europe oysters are so scarce that poor folks never taste them. Cheap oysters are an inalienable privilege of Americans.

There is a 15-year-old girl in Nebraska 6 feet 3 inches high, weighing 250 pounds. She wears a No. 10 shoe, and is still growing rapidly.

British soldiers will wear seamless socks in future, because they insure greater marching efficiency. The old style of seamed socks chafed their shins and made the soldiers footsore.

Among the estates left by persons who died in Vienna intestate, and whose heirs have not been found, is one consisting of a scarf pin, and another that consists of a pair of opera glasses.

Several lots in Cornhill, London, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England, were sold a few days ago at a price that averaged $250 per foot, or something over $10,000,000 an acre.

A young American woman, who claims to have spent several years in the harem of the Sultan, says that among the 70 "beauties" four were American, two English, four French and six Russian.

Following are the titles of a number of clubs in New York city that have queer names: The Tenderloin Club, Munchausen Annex Club, Thirteen Club, Anti-Sedentary Club, Parvenu Club and the Jonah Club.

The girl students of Denmark, desirous that all the world should know of their collegiate aspirations, have determined to announce the fact by wearing students' caps in the form of a little round black hat with a black ribbon band and the university badge thereon.

Wood for tennis rackets requires at least five years' seasoning: that is to say, it requires to be kept for five years in the rough timber state before being cut up for use. Wood for pianos is kept, as a rule, for 10 years before it is considered sufficiently in condition to be used.

The Mormon Tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, is said to be the most perfect whispering gallery in the world. It beats the dome of St. Paul's and the Capitol at Washington. The dropping of a pin on a plate at one end of the huge structure may be distinctly heard by persons at the other end.

Miss Ella Hale, a resident of Upper Sandusky, O., has had two remarkable experiences. The first one occurred about five years ago, when she was seized with a severe coughing spell, causing her to lose her voice and remain dumb. One day recently while in a violent fit of coughing, it is claimed, her voice returned.

An effort was begun in the office of the County Clerk, Chicago, to change the name of a young woman. The matter was referred to Chief Clerk Morris Salmonson, of the Marriage License Department, who did what he could by issuing the following license to marry: No. 104,940—William Chapel, aged 22, Chicago; Maud Zlovierzehkowitzinskt, aged 18, Chicago.

Robert Peck, a resident of Dahlonega, Georgia, desired to get married, but his finances were so low that he was unable to even purchase the marriage license. His brother-in-law went out on the public square, mounted a large packing box and made such a strong appeal to his listeners that they raised the necessary money and Robert and his betrothed were duly married.

F. X. Zeigler, a resident of Columbia, this State, is the owner of a parrot named "Dick." The bird talks fluently with members of the family and cheers lustily for Cleveland. The other day, while Mr. Zeigler was putting on his rubbers, he gave a sigh as if in pain. "Dick" asked "What's the matter?" Mr. Zeigler replied that he had the rheumatism, to which the bird feelingly answered, "That's bad."

### MY FAITH.

BY W. W. LONG.

With a faith that is past all believing,
A faith no unkindness can move,
I give you my heart and my being,
With a love that is more than love.

A faith like the angels in heaven,—
Strong, simple, perfect, complete,—
I bring to you, queen of all women,—
And reverently lay at your feet.

### OF THE THUMB.

To say a man works by rule of thumb is to reproach him with inexactness; but when Exchequer tallies were in use, a notch the width of a thumb represented exactly ten pounds.

When drapers employed the clothyard wand, the possession of a narrow thumb was an advantage to an aspirant to the counter, as in measuring goods the buyer gained a thumb's width in every yard; but the adoption of a measure imbedded in the counter deprived slim-fingered ones of their advantage, and the draper's customers of their "thumbs."

It is by the thumb the miller tests the character and qualities of the grain he grinds; spreading the sample over the fingers by a peculiar movement of the thumb, he gauges its value by the thumb itself.

Continual action in this way makes the thumb assume a shape resembling the wide flattened head of the bull-head or Tommy Logge, a fish prevalent in mill-streams, which in consequence is popularly known as the Miller's Thumb.

Cornelius Ketel painted his pictures with his thumb, and it is still the picture-cleaner's safest tool.

When sewing was rendered easier by the invention of the thimble, or thumbell as it was originally called, that useful article was worn upon the thumb, not the finger; and the Japanese dentist, disdaining any but Nature's appliances, finds his thumb and finger all sufficing in the extraction of the most stubborn of aching teeth.

Recounting the performances of a company of "barn-stormers," the Connoisseur says:

"I was much diverted at Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and forefinger, which, had he lifted them to the nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff; but I could easily account for this singular gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippet, the candle-snuffer"—without whom, Goldsmith tells us, a play would lose half its embellishments.

According to an epilogue writer of the seventeenth century, it was then easy to distinguish the country from the town gallant in a theatre; the latter being known by putting his periwig in order with a comb, while his provincial brother was content to attain the same object with four fingers and a thumb.

A Chilian merchant used to defy forgery by placing one thumb on the paper he wished he sign, and tracing its outline; then he placed the other thumb across, outlined that, and his signature was complete. An impression of the thumb in ink would better serve the purpose, for we have Mr. Francis Galton's assurance that the patterns made by the cuticle of the fingers do not vary so much between various periods of life, nor alter sufficiently by reason of other conditions, as to lose their individuality.

The Chinese have long been aware that the impressions of no two thumbs, even of the same individual, are alike; and impressions of every criminal's thumbs are taken by the police and numbered for reference. He may disguise himself as he will, make up as he can; but a comparison of the impressions of his thumbs with that in the police archives settles the identity of an old offender beyond doubt.

Had such a means of comparison been available in the famous contest for the Tichborne estates, certain believers in the Claimant would have had no excuse for plaguing the then Home Secretary by petitioning him, in the event of that worthy dying before the expiration of his sentence, to order his malformed thumb to be amputated and placed in the British Museum, "to enable posterity to judge of an important matter connected with the Tichborne case."

Children have come into the world sparsely provided as regards the members of the hand; some with but a thumb and index-finger, others with no thumb at all, or with hands like that of Mr. Cæsar, who represented Herefordshire during the last century, which was as nearly like a lobster's claw as a specimen of humanity could be expected to carry; a species of malformation he shared according to the records of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, with a whole family of negroes dwelling near Paramaribo in 1759.

THE PRESENT.—We cannot truly honor the past, we cannot prepare in the best way for the future, unless we have learned how to dwell rightly in the present. We find ourselves here to-day in a certain condition of life. It has its advantages and its dangers, its pleasures and pains, its opportunities and hindrances. Unless we know how to avail ourselves of the one and avoid the other, we cannot hope successfully to enter other and better conditions. Unless we learn how to dwell where we are, we shall not be prepared to dwell somewhere else, however much we may long for the change. It is our firm pressure on each step of the ladder of life that alone renders us able to tread the next securely. The boy longs to be a youth; the youth to be a man. The intervening time seems worthless; everything is centered on the future, which appears to offer boundless opportunities and to promise unlimited delights. Meantime, by neglecting the present, by spurning the duties and the joys of youth, by slighting the golden season through which he is passing, he is preparing for future failure and disappointment. Unless he lives well the life of a boy, he cannot live the life of a man in all its fulness and richness. He will have missed something valuable out of life which he can never regain.

FOLDING linen is an accomplishment in which each one of the women in Holland is expected to be proficient before she becomes mistress of a home. In Holland especially the folding of linen requires considerable skill and training. Much of their fabric is of the finest texture and quality, and they fashion the various pieces in ironing into birds, animals, flowers, and all manner of artistic shapes.

## Grains of Gold.

A bad man hates the things that can do him good.

A starving man won't find fault with the table cloth.

When we try to please everybody we shall please nobody.

The man who is always looking for mud generally finds it.

The devil likes to be called by names that sound respectable.

As soon as a sin begins to pay it seems to become better looking.

There are too many people who are only pious when things go right.

The devil gets a strong hold on us whenever he get us to finding faults.

The poorest man may leave something behind him that will make others rich.

The only people who can come out wrong are those who do not start right.

When you want others to be brief and to the point, don't talk too much yourself.

There are reformers who never think it worth while to work at their trade on themselves.

When does a man really steal? When he robs a house, or when he makes up his mind that he will?

## Femininities.

The plant of happiness cannot thrive without the air of cheerfulness.

An uptown woman refers to her husband's bald head as his decollete bang.

A brooch the fac-simile of a small raw oyster is the latest triumph of the jeweler's art.

"I'll be back at 11, my love. I give you my word." "I'd rather you'd keep it, my dear."

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Quick, of Appleton City, Missouri, it is said, have been married 77 years.

Nearly every society girl has a "rose pillow," which is filled with the petals of the roses sent her.

Nineteen of the pensioners of the war of 1812 are over 100 years old, and six of them live in Vermont.

"Alice has a new thousand-dollar piano." "Yes; but she cannot play, can she?" "No, but she has pretty white hands."

Cakes are now served at card parties in the shapes of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades. It is a good deal of a novelty.

There are believed to be a score of women in New York city whose collections of lace vary in value from $20,000 to $50,000.

Surah and China silk underclothing for the fair sex have gone out of fashion, and the finest cambric again reigns supreme.

William E. Glardon, aged 16 years, and Miss Mattie Edmond, 18 years of age, were married at Belleville, Illinois, a few days ago.

No girl ever thought so much of her young man that she wouldn't for the sake of the church try to rob him at a church lottery.

"Let's see, Henpeck; what is it we call a man who marries two wives—a bigamist?" "Some call him that. I call him an idiot."

Mrs. M. A. Anderson, Assistant-Sergeant-at-Arms of the Kansas House, acts as doorkeeper in the absence of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

The fin de siecle corset is of silk brocade in pale colors or black, and is much shorter in the waist than that of a season back.

The sole descendant of Columbus is Don Christobel Colon y Porugal, Duke of Veragua, Grandee of Spain and Marquis de la Jamaica.

The fact that women are now wearing suspenders would go to prove that they are anxious to take some responsibility upon their own shoulders.

A Cincinnati woman is reported to have horsewhipped a school-teacher one day recently because her son had been reprimanded for being tardy.

Penelope: "You wouldn't marry a girl for her money, would you?" Jack Dashing: "No—but I couldn't let a girl suffer merely because she was rich."

Lieutenant, at a fancy ball to his partner: "Allow me, Miss X., to admire your charming little foot! Really, what a pity—aw—you haven't four of them!"

It is a pitiful thing to hear a young lady say something tastes like moustache cosmetic, and then change color, and try to look unconcerned and indifferent.

In olden times in England it was supposed that the first unmarried person of the other sex whom one met on St. Valentine's morning while out walking was a destined wife or a destined husband.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, although an artist, has absolutely no taste in dress. Her favorite blouses appear, even on occasions of full dress, and they are, as some one graphically describes them, "such blousy blouses, too."

One of the noblest works in London is that conducted by Mary H. Stoer, who, 12 years ago, took up her residence in the worst district of that city for the purpose of reforming degraded girls and women. Her mission home is widely known as "The Bridge of Hope."

The "Golden Rose" of virtue, bestowed annually by the Pope, will be given this year, it is announced, to the Archduchess Margaret of Austria, niece of the Emperor and abbess of a convent near Prague. The rose is made by a famous jeweler in Rome, and is of the stated value of $50,00.

An Atchison, Kansas, woman has the souvenir pitcher craze. Her house is nearly entirely filled with them, and everything she can lay her hands on she trades off for pitchers. Her family are consequently eating out of pitchers, drinking out of pitchers and doing numerous other acts with the assistance of pitchers.

Since jeweled fillets became the rage among rich women New York jewelers have produced many famously expensive things of this sort. Regular coronets are not uncommon, and one jeweler has made to order for a New York woman a reproduction of one of Queen Victoria's crowns—an elaborate affair of gold, enriched with handsome work and jewels.

## Masculinities.

The man who does little is little.

Ox-blood red is the right color for men's gloves.

An average waltz covers about three-quarters of a mile.

It is not the last drink that makes a man a drunkard, but the first.

Don't attempt to drown your sorrow in drink; you will find that sorrow can swim.

The world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find a man who won't run from a hornet.

Be a little cautious about going security for a man who takes no newspaper and keeps two dogs.

Because a man clings to the old-fashioned lamppost it is no sign that he doesn't approve of the electric light.

A man never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through his house in the dark.

Thompson: "Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?" Jones, hesitatingly: "What sized man?"

"Which one do you wish to marry?" "The younger sister." "Which one is she?" "I don't know. They both claim to be."

Otto Seibling, of West Selo, Oregon, who recently killed his wife and himself, had been married three times, and his wife five times.

A woman died in London lately from blood poisoning caused, it is stated, by rubbing a small sore on her face with her black kid glove.

A German statistician finds that the most unlucky day of the week, so far as accidents to human life are concerned, is not Friday, but Monday.

The flag carried by Pizarro and his followers during the conquest of Peru will be a notable object in the Venezuelan exhibit at the World's Fair.

The London Optician says that great men are usually blue-eyed, and instances Socrates, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Huxley, Virchow and Renan.

An enterprising merchant at Shelbyville, Ind., recently had a marriage solemnized in the show-window of his store, in consideration of $50 in lace curtains.

Mrs. Strongmind: "Why don't you go to work?" Tramp: "Please, mum, I made a solemn vow twenty years ago that I'd never do another stroke of work till women was paid the same wages as men."

Young paterfamilias: "That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Molly! What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?" Molly: "Sure, ma'am, I can't keep him quiet unless I allow him to make a noise!"

All the names placed before Chinese shops and laundries are false. Every Chinaman in business has a "shop name" and a "private name," and by the latter he is known only to his family and intimate acquaintances.

Among the historical Washington papers is a contract between the Father of His Country and the foreman of his farm. One clause of the contract provides that the foreman may get drunk a certain number of times each year.

The dethroning of Lilluokalani leaves but three real queens in the world. There is Queen Victoria, Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, and Queen Ranavalo III, of Madagascar. All the rest of those who claim the title are either in exile or are the wives of kings.

Mr. Ginn, the head of a well-known publishing house in Boston which employs a number of young women, keeps a barrel of apples in his establishment where they can get access to it; and no matter how freely they help themselves, the barrel is never empty.

Mr. Clark Montgomery, of Cincinnati, says that when he went to Cleveland's inauguration in 1884 he wore a cheap watch, so that he need not weep if he should lose it. The timepiece was stolen, but an hour afterward he found it in his overcoat pocket. The disgusted pickpocket had returned it.

A young woman in St. Louis, Miss Emma Monahan, has accomplished the feat of writing 9100 words on the old style postal card. She used an ordinary lead pencil, and did not have the aid of a magnifying glass. Every word is legible through a glass, and some portions of it may be read by the naked eye.

In the far West you get blown up by cyclones, in the middle West by natural gas, in the East by steam, in the far East by the Yankee schoolma'am, but over this whole broad land of ours, if you are a married man, you get blown up sweetly and gently by the partner of your joys and sorrows. Moral—Take your medicine.

Tom Cole, a white man, who killed a man at Birmingham, Ala., eluded a close search by the aid of a clever disguise. He wore a wig of wool, stained his face and hands, and made-up himself as a negro. He remained in the vicinity of where the crime was committed, though detectives were searching the neighborhood for him. He was finally captured at a hotel, where he was living as a negro.

## HIGHLAND CUSTOMS.

Although many of the Highland customs are dying out, there are still a few ceremonies left peculiar to the Highlands. Long may they remain.

The kilt is no longer worn by the peasantry. They all wear tweeds, with coats and trousers, the same as the Britisher. With the gentry it is different. They always wear their kilt for dinner, if they are highlanders born. Indeed, many a Highlander laird does not possess a dress suit, or, if he does, he only wears it south of the Tweed.

A full Highland dress is beautiful, and it is most becoming. Its tartan kilt is surmounted by a black cloth or velvet coat; either a waistcoat of the same or a white one. The plaid which hangs down the back is fastened at the shoulder by a jewsled brooch, and a jeweled dirk hangs from the waist, containing a knife and fork. In the tartan right-hand hose a sgiandhu or knife is worn, and in front from the waist hangs the sporran of hair. The dress has special charm; but it must be worn by a man to the manner born, or it is an outrage on good taste.

Many Highland gentleman always wear the kilt; but in the daytime, and for sport, they are made of tweed, and worn with a Highland bonnet or Glengarry cap. The master or laird is more often known by the name of his property than by his own, and very often his own and his property's name are identical. For instance, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, sometimes called The Mackintosh; McLeod of McLeod, or The McLeod; McLochlan of McLochlan, or The McLochlan. How much more imposing and characteristic to be termed "The" than a plain prefix of lord or earl. "The" means Celtic chief, or head of the clan, when used as a prefix to a name.

Not alone is the kilt dying out; even the old fishwives are modifying their dress. The famous Newhaven fishwives are no longer quite so picturesque outside fancy dress balls. The cry of "caller herrin'," which once rang hourly through the streets of Edinburgh from these buxom wives of the sea, is as rare to-day as a muffin man's bell in the thoroughfares of London. Winsey petticoats, short and thick, the fishwives still wear; barefooted they still go, and on their backs they still carry their big creel full of fish, with the strap across the chest, and their hands under the basket behind to help support its weight. The women still wear their cap, which they call a "mutch," but the quaint colored scarves and bright colored bodices have almost disappeared.

Widows in the Highlands look like Sisters of Charity; they wear close-fitting white caps tied under their chin, and a long black hooded cloak, doubtless a remnant of the days of Roman Catholicism. Another peculiar dress in the north of Scotland is worn by "the men." These men are supposed to be specially gifted by the grace of God, although they are not ordained like the elders, and the men wear on Sundays a plaid across the shoulders, tied in front, doubtless a remnant of the monk's cowl. It is curious how some of the old Catholic customs still remain. Then, again, French words brought over by Queen Mary are still in everyday use.

Marriages usually take place in the houses in Scotland. The drawing room is used in the better houses, or offtimes the barn. No preparation is necessary, although some people decorate the room profusely. The service is much the same as our own, although the wording is quite different; but everyone stands during the service, and in the case of Scotch fisherfolk they rarely give a ring.

The ceremony for the dead is very different to that in England. In Scotland they have a wake, just as in Ireland. They sit up for three days and nights. The dead is laid out, surrounded by candles (another remnant of Catholicism), and a saucer of salt is placed on the chest to keep away evil spirits. All the friends and relations come to the wake, and read and pray, eat and drink, in turns, never leaving the body alone, for fear the fairies should bear it away!

There was a death at Embo some time ago, and not a single boat went out fishing for three days, because the whole village was busy at the wake. The funeral service is read in the house on the third day, and the coffin borne on the shoulders of the male friends to the churchyard, followed by the whole village. At the grave there is no ceremony beyond lifting the hat or bonnet as the coffin is lowered by the relations into the grave.

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"EMILY," roared Mr. Winterbottom from the head of the stairway, "these socks you've laid out for me are not mates." "Neither are your feet, dear," answered Mrs. Winterbottom, sweetly, from the hall below.

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THE chief dependence of those liable to sudden colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.


# How to Get a $55 Sewing Machine Free!

IMPROVED

## HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER.

**Never Gets out of Order.**

**Almost Noiseless.**

Highly Ornamented Head Drop-leaf Table with Gothic Cover, Case of Two Drawers and Centre Drawer.

The manufacturers claim for the improved HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER that it is the best machine built. Many years of experience and abundant facilities for the manufacture of Sewing Machines enable us to present a machine that is superior to any in the market.

It has been improved and simplified in all its details, by the best mechanical talent in America, who, with unlimited resources at their command, have combined only that which is practicable, and dispensed with all complicated surroundings generally found in other machines.

It is the SIMPLEST MACHINE, having the FEWEST PARTS, all STRONG, and with CASE HARDENED BEARINGS. Being free from complication, it is easily cared for, never gets out of order, and is always ready for use. The most inexperienced can readily manage it. It has all the modern appliances and conveniences that go to make it the best.

THE IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER uses a Straight Self Setting Needle, and makes the double thread "Lock-Stitch." It is the perfection of mechanism for

**Hemming, Felling, Binding,**
**Cording, Braiding, Seaming,**
**Tucking, Ruffling, Gathering,**
**Embroidering, Quilting, &c.**

It is adapted to every variety of sewing, from the lightest muslin to the heaviest cloth, and will do a greater range of work than any other machine.

### A SPRING TENSION SHUTTLE

It has a PERFECT STEEL SHUTTLE, open at one end, allowing the bobbin to be inserted without displacing any of the parts, the bobbin holds more thread than that of any other machine, and runs loose in the shell without spring centres or point bearings, thus insuring an even tension.

The SHUTTLE "is a marvel of simplicity."

The NEEDLE is SELF SETTING and requires no mark or screw-driver and the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened.

### THE DOUBLE FEED

extends on both sides of the needle and permits a greater variety of work than any other. It has great power, and never fails to perform its duty—will feed the lightest and heaviest goods with equal precision, and will cross seams and hard places without changing length of stitch or missing stitch.

### LIGHT RUNNING.

On account of the simple mechanical devices employed in its construction the HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER runs lighter and with greater speed than any other machine, and is almost noiseless.

It is the simplest, EASIEST OPERATED, best made, and most elegantly ornamented machine in the world, combining every requisite to produce a perfect machine.

### A DEVICE

whereby the bobbin can be wound without running the machine. This saves unnecessary wear of the machine, and the trouble of unthreading and removing work and attachments while the bobbin is being filled.

It is self-threading, both above and below.
It has a Large High Arm.
It is the best finished machine in the world.
It has the best stand—It is the best to buy.
It has the best bobbin winder.

### FURNISHED FREE.

The following named accessories are supplied with each machine free: 1 Gauge, 1 Gauge Screw, 1 Oil Can, 6 Bobbins, 1 Instruction Book, 1 Screw driver, 1 Screw driver for shuttle, 1 Hemmer (which is also a Feller), 1 Dozen Needles, 1 Belt and Coupling, 1 Shuttle, 1 Quilter.

**Extra Attachments, in Velvet Lined Box, also sent free with each machine.**

1 Tucker, 1 Ruffler, with Shirring Plate, 1 Hemmer Set (4 widths) and Binder, 1 Braider (foot and slide), 1 Thread Cutter.

### WARRANTY.

The manufacturers not only claim to make the best Sewing Machine in the world, but substantiate their claim by giving a guarantee with each IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE they manufacture, agreeing to duplicate any part that proves defective in FIVE YEARS free of charge (Shuttles, Needles and Bobbins excepted,) thereby proving conclusively our confidence in the IMPROVED HIGH-ARM PHILADELPHIA SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

The INSTRUCTION BOOK is the most complete and comprehensive work of the kind ever produced. It fully illustrates and explains all the parts and processes.

The Machine will be sent as a premium for a Club of 20 yearly subscribers to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at $2.00 each. Every subscriber in the Club to receive our beautiful premium pictures free.

Sample copies of paper sent to Club raisers on application.

Address,

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
## 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.


THE ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMPS.—The origin of the postage stamp had a romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter.

A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postmaster demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money, and so she returned the letter to the postman.

Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed.

Scarcely had the postman turned his back, when the young inn-keeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope told her all she wanted, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for the letters."

The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving rise to such frauds was not a vicious one? Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service upon a new basis—with what success is known to the world.

MR. JOHN WOODWORTH, of Charlotte, Michigan, was lately presented with a clock which is quite a curiosity. The time piece is a very small one, and it is set in a cluster of Colorado minerals. Among the minerals, it is said, which make up the frame work of the clock, are gold, silver, lead, copper and peacock ores, iron pyrites, fluor spar, moss agate, jasper and ofal wood, chalcedony, agate, petrified cottonwood, cedarwood, crystalized palmwood, smoky quartz, quartz crystal, Iceland and pink satin spar and amazon stone. All the minerals are nicely polished.

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STATISTICS OF LONGEVITY.—Dr. Farr, an English scientist says that if one could watch the march of 1,000,000 people through life the following result would be observable: Nearly 150,000 will die the first year, 53,000 the second year, 28,000 in the third year, and less than 4,000 in the thirteenth year. At the end of forty-five years 500,000 will have died. At the end of sixty five years, 370,000 will be still living; at the end of eighty years, 97,000; at eighty-five years, 31,000, and at ninety-five years, 2,100. At the end of 100 years there will be 223, and at the end of 108 years there will be but one survivor.

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You can't make a new arm with Salvation Oil, but you can cure the bruises with it. 25 cents.


# FREE PORTRAITS —AND— FRAMES!

Send us at once a photograph or tintype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make from same one of our enlarged life-like portraits (together with frame complete) ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE. This offer is made in order to introduce our portraits and frames in your vicinity, for one of our fine portraits placed in your home will do us more good than any other advertisement. This offer is made IN GOOD FAITH, and we will forfeit ONE HUNDRED Dollars to anyone sending us a photograph and not securing his portrait and frame FREE as per this offer. We guarantee the return of your photos so have no fear of losing it. Address all your letters to **Brooklyn Art Union**, 677 Marcy Ave., cor. Hall St., Brooklyn, N. Y. References: all banks and Express Co's. in New York and Brooklyn.

**Put your name and address back of photos.**



# A RICH CUT!

## CUT IT OUT, IT MAY SAVE YOU!

You have been suffering for years from some chronic disease or other; you have swallowed drugs enough to stock an apothecary shop; possibly also you have spent considerable sums with advertising specialists, and, having failed to notice the least change for the better in your condition, you now decide to give up all further struggle towards recovering your health, having come to the conclusion that there is no possible help for you this side the grave. POSSIBLY you may be correct, but PROBABLY you are mistaken and on that probability I will take a sixty per cent. chance in order to cheer your now hopeless condition. Cut this ad. out and take it to your minister; possibly you may there meet some fellow sufferers on the same mission bent; let him invest ten or twenty dollars for you on the plan suggested in my open letter to the clergy; he will protect us mutually and you may be happily disappointed in recovering your health. My remedy is not a drug; it is known as

## HELMER'S BI-OZONE CURE,

and among diseases cured have been cases of Epilepsy, Heart Disease, Obesity, Drunkenness, the Tobacco Habit, Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Nervous Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Skin Disease, Disorders of Microbic origin, etc., many of them relieved as if by magic.

TO THE CLERGY OF AMERICA:—

Gentlemen:—It has been my good fortune to discover a true remedy. This remedy I have found to be ozone and the multiplying results of the most gratifying character sustain my affirmation by facts. It has passed the experimental stage, having been successfully applied by prominent physicians in this city and elsewhere, as well as by some of the foremost families in the land, and, believing that your personal sympathy for your congregations extends to their physical as well as to their spiritual welfare I invite your kind arbitration on behalf of Truth and Justice and in the interest of a suffering humanity, that heretofore has been imposed upon by charlatans and unprincipled quacks time and again.

### MY FIRST OFFER.

I will guarantee noticeable relief or cure to at least two out of every five patients who will faithfully use a monthly treatment of $10.00 each. To compensate you in part for your trouble I will accept a draft for $45.00 negotiable in New York City and dated one month ahead. Should the relief or cure in the above proportion be not obtained at the end of the month you may stop payment of draft.

### MY SECOND OFFER.

I will send five ninety-day treatments of $20.00 each for a draft for $90.00, dated ninety days ahead, warranting noticeable relief or cure to three of the five or forfeit payment of the whole.

These offers must not lead to the supposition that I slam the gate of Hope in the faces of the rest, but some cases have taken four and six months and even a year before there was any well defined noticeable change for the better that were afterward cured. This is especially applicable to elderly people suffering from chronic cases of long standing.

This offer is made exclusively to clergymen and any other orders or offers, UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY REMITTANCE OF EITHER $10.00 OR $20.00, FOR A ONE OR THREE MONTH'S HOME TREATMENT RESPECTIVELY, will not be noticed.

Among the hundreds of testimonials received, the following from one of the responsible department chiefs in the New York Central R. R. System is to the point:

TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Union Stock Yard and Market Company,
Room 8, Grand Central Depot.
A. T. THOMAS, Treasurer.
NEW YORK, ———, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I have refrained from saying anything concerning your Bi-Ozone Cure until a thorough test of its effects had been made.

"Having used it daily for three months, I think I am now in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. A case of bronchitis and bronchial asthma is not to be cured in a day or a month, and I have not expected it, but I take great pleasure in assuring you that both have so much improved that I shall continue the use of Bi-Ozone, feeling satisfied that a permanent cure is only a question of a short time longer.

"A noticeable feature in the effect of the remedy is a greatly improved condition of general health and remarkable immunity from ordinary colds.

"Bronchial and asthmatic troubles usually have attendant catarrhal conditions. I am happy to say the latter is as much improved as the former, and with the gradual removal of bronchitis the catarrh is disappearing also.

"I sincerely hope your remedy may meet with patronage from the public; it richly deserves it.

"A. T. THOMAS, Grand Central Depot,
"Dec., 29, '92."

"To N. HELMER Esq., 12th St. and B way."

N. HELMER, Chemist,
822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

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Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 518 Franklin Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Illustrated Magazine of Art" for March is a treasury of reading matter and pictures that none interested in this subject can be without. Everything about is the latest and best. Published at New York.

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"The Popular Science Monthly" contains interesting and highly valuable articles on the very latest advancements of the world's science. Published at New York.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest flood it never overflows. Its banks and the bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream.

There is in the world no other so majestic a flow of water. Its current is more swift than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far as the Carolina coasts, are of indigo blue. These are so distinctly marked that the common sea water can be traced with the eye.

Often one-half the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common waters of the sea.

In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fisherman on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco.

ANCESTRY OF THE PEN.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster-shells, stone, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees, and from the latter the term "leaves of a book" is probably derived.

Copper and brass plates were very early in use; and a bill of forfiment on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years before Christ.

Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment.

Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper-mill in England was built in 1588 by a German, at Dartford, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half—namely, in 1713—before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper making to anything like perfection.

The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone. Subsequently, reeds, pointed and split, like pens as in the present day, were used.

A PAPER-MAKING SPIDER.—In the heart of the African Continent, where no other paper is manufactured, the spider paper-maker does her quiet work. Back and forth, over a flat service about an inch and a half square, on the inside wall of a hut, the spider slowly moves in many lines until the square is covered with a pure white paper. Under this she places from forty to fifty eggs; and then, to fasten the square of paper more securely to the wall, she makes a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch broad, and with this glues the square carefully around the edges. When all is done, the spider—which is a large one—places herself on the center of the outside of the little flat bag so carefully made, and begins a watch, which is to last for three weeks without intermission. Apparently the young spiders would have many dangers to fear, did not their anxious mamma wage a fierce war upon the cockroaches and other insects that come near. After three weeks of unremitting watchfulness, the mother-spider leaves her nest in the day-time to hunt food, but she always returns at night, until her young are strong enough to take of themselves.


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TARQUEREY PORTRAIT SOCIETY, 741 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.


TWO PICTURES.—Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking. "How terrible!" she hissed. "I am going to tell father of you." "This is only a cigarette," murmured the boy penitently. "I don't care what it is, I am going to tell of you, and see you don't get into that horrid degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers." It is evening. Miss Murray is standing at the front door with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the honeysuckle and roses are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls. "Would little birdie object to my smoking a cigarette?" "Not at all," replied Miss Murray; "I like cigarettes; they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything." "Then I'll light one." "Do, and blow some of the smoke in my face; it is so soothing and dreamily Paradisiac."


**Garfield's Physician**

**Dr. D. Hayes Agnew**

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 23, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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**TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!**

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

**INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN**

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 1's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

# Humorous.

### THE MAN I LOVE.

I love the man with active brain,
  Who bows at wisdom's shrine,
Who, though all earthly hopes are slain,
  Don't murmur or repine.
Who plods along from fall to fall,
  Nor minds the wind that blows,
And though he nearly knows it all,
  Tells only half he knows.

—U. S. JONES.

### A Business Loss.

He: "Even the undertaker was overcome with grief."

She: "Was he a relative?"

He: "No, but the deceased was the only doctor in the town."

Hugging—Deeds of arms.

A well-developed bust—Failing for a million.

Black and blue—The negro who has bet on the mocs.

Polish is a good thing in society, except when worn on the coat.

"I seem to have gotten into a pretty hard set," as the hen remarked after two weeks' endeavor to hatch out a dozen china eggs.

"Is there any reason for supposing that he committed suicide?" "Yes." "What is it?" "An unpaid coal bill was found in his pocket."

"Is he really your rival?" "Yes." "Hold! if I had a rival that looked like that, do you know what I would do?" "No." "I'd give up the girl."

Host: "Just another wee drap 'fore you go." Guest: "Na, na, a'll tak na mair. I'm in a new lodgin' and I'm no vera weel acquainted with the stairs."

Penelope: "Heavens, Jack? Have you forgotten how to waltz? You have stepped on my toe." Jack Dashing—"Pardon me, Pen. You're feet are so small I could not see them."

Tom Noddy: "Uncle Amos, I hear you said I was a fool the other day." Uncle Amos: "I never said you were a fool the other day. I said you had been a fool all the days of your life."

Mamma, examining the proof of her little daughter's photograph: "Gracie, why didn't you smile?" Gracie, six years old, with an injured air: "I did, mamma; but the man didn't put it down."

"Snags says honesty is the best policy, after all," observed the snake editor. "How does he know?" asked the horse editor; "he never tried it." "No; but he has tried the other way very thoroughly."

She: "Before we were married you often wished there was some brave deed you could do for me to show your love." He: "Yes, dear, and I would do it now." She: "Then, love, go down into the kitchen and discharge Bridget."

Happy bridegroom: "Say, waiter, I want dinner for two." Waiter—"Vill se lady and gentleman haf table d'hote or a la carte." Happy Bridegroom (generous to a fault, but weak in French)—"Bring us some of both and pot lots of gravy on 'em."

"Madam," said the doctor to Mrs. Dulloy, "I regret to inform you that your husband has softening of the brain." "Mercy!" she ejaculated: "then I have been doing him an injustice for 15 years." "I don't understand." "Why, I have always insisted that he was brainless."

Bridegroom, after the ceremony: "Maud, you and I are one now; it only remains to be decided which is the one. I tried to win you, didn't I?" Bride: "Yes, Harold." "And I won. That seems to settle it." "Not quite, Harold. You tried to win me; you succeeded. Then you are the winner, are you not?" "Yes, dear." "And I am the won."

"Don't you think we ought to separate our husbands?" said a lady to her friend. "Do you not see how excited they have become? They are beginning to call each other 'ox' and 'ass' and all sorts of nasty things." "Oh, no!" was the calm reply. "Let them go on; they have known each other for more than twenty years, and ought to know what they are talking about."

### LATEST FASHION PHASES.

When age has seized with relentless fingers upon a woman, she must seek a new style of apparel, for if she dares to dress as her daughters do she looks ridiculous and as if she were trying to deceive the public and not succeeding. So grandma must get her a rich and heavy lusterless silk armure or ribbed or moire, and have it made plain and full in the skirt and rather long in the back, as length adds dignity. She wants a wrap of biarritz, alys cloth or some similar material, or velvet, if she prefers and can afford it. The different fur trimmings are all suitable, and when fur is not in season feather or pretty moss trimming adds its softness to break the angular outlines of age. A velvet bonnet that covers the head pretty well and comes down over the sides, with ribbon bows or plumes, is the kind most liked.

The matter of gloves, veils and jewels can be left to her preference, but black or gray dressed kid makes the most suitable gloves, and black brussels net veils are best. There is no limit set when a lady must lay aside her diamonds, and one of the loveliest sights in the world is an old lady, her work done in this world, sitting with hands folded in her lap, and those dear old hands covered with shining rings. The soft tulle gathered across her bosom seems more suitable if jewels sparkle among its folds.

There are some colors that old ladies have accepted as belonging particularly to them—drab, gray, brown, prune and heliotrope.

Lace also belongs to them by right, and they should have plenty of it, and the better it is the more it becomes the wearer.

There are in some of our best stores rooms devoted entirely to furnishings or elderly ladies. There are fleece lined stockings for those who suffer from cold and exquisitely fine ribbed merino underwear, elastic and soft and made in the daintiest manner. There are aprons of silk, of muslin and alpaca. There are caps of all kinds, bonnets veils and kerchiefs and "tuckers," and all sorts of lace jabots and neckwear.

There are knit wool capes, and sacks in eider down flannel trimmed with knitted woolen lace and many ribbons, that are comfortably warm and pretty.

I saw a number of flannel wrappers lined with the eider down flannel, and they look deliciously warm. I thought the designer must be a true genius, for every one had an enormous pocket, just such as grandmothers make storing places of to hold the things that children always want. The patterns this year seem to please me more than usual. There are many of the pretty but almost forgotten palm leaf designs in the colors that are most suitable.

I noticed one with a dark purplish brown ground, with a border around the bottom and on the sleeves of palm leaves in rich oriental colors.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

Among the pretty things provided for the old lady are a lace jabot of black chantilly and a vest front of white chiffon, with a deep frill of white valenciennes. The collar is of the same material, and a belt goes around the waist and fastens behind under a rosette.

This vest front is calculated to be worn with a black silk or satin gown to give it a more dressy effect. The black jabot can be worn at any time.

There are shoes made particularly for elderly ladies who prefer comfort to looks, broad, of soft material and with low common sense heel, but for those who like dainty slippers there are some as pretty as their granddaughters wear, with rather lower and wider heels. Prunella, patent leather and soft kid are the materials most liked, and they have pretty buckles and beaded bows.

Few ladies past 60 have not had to wear mourning, and it may be said that 10 women out of 100 over that age wear black only. When that is the case, the double shawl is the most elegant and comfortable wrap. When black only is worn, it leaves little limit for choice in fashion, but there are endless combinations in black with white tulle and laces.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

Here are some French terms used in cooking:

Aspic—Savory jelly for cold dishes.

Bouchees—Very tiny patties or cakes.

Bisque—A white soup made of shell fish.

Bechamel—A rich, white sauce made with stock.

Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce and crumbs and baked.

Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth, but not so strong as consomme.

Braise—Meat cooked in a closely-covered stewpan, so that it retains its own flavor and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it.

An ingenious young woman had one of those hopelessly old-fashioned white albetross cloth gowns. It was made in the voluminous skirt and plain bodice style that prevailed when she was graduated from the seminary years ago. She bought some white ribbed silk and some gold braid. She ripped the skirt, pressed it, joined the pieces and cut it again in the fashion of to-day. Three rows of the gold braid, placed about two inches apart, trimmed the bottom.

Then the tight basque was cut off at the waist line, a full, straight vest of the heavy silk inserted and the front cut off to form a zouave jacket. This was edged with the gold soutache. A pair of enormous shoulder puffs were made of the silk, and the sleeves, from the elbow down, were tight. The silk belt had parallel lines of the gold running about it, and the hopelessly antiquated costume was the prettiest and most "stunning" house gown the ingenious young woman ever had.

One of the hardest trials to endure philosophically is the very common redness and roughness of the arms when they are displayed in evening dress. This may be overcome in time by the following treatment: Wash the arms every night in water as hot as can be borne, with soap, and rub them vigorously with a nail brush. Dry on a rough towel, and rub in any preferred preparation of glycerine—with rose water or cucumber jelly—until it is quite absorbed. In a month the arms should be smooth and white.

There are two soap savers which no good housewife should be without. One is a kitchen utensil, a long-handled box made of fine wire. The soap is put in this and shaken into the water, and the smallest scraps may be utilized in this way. The other is a toilet appliance, a bag of soft flannel five or six inches square, into which bits of toilet soap too small for use are placed. The bag is then used as a cake of soap is used.

The art of tossing up a French dressing for lettuce or cucumbers at the table is a graceful and easily acquired one. Fill a salad spoon of oil; add a salt spoon of salt, a mustard spoon of mustard, pepper, if desired, and stir with a fork. Pour over the lettuce. Then pour over it two more large spoons of oil and one of vinegar. Toss the leaves with the fork and spoon and the salad is ready.

A lump of beeswax dissolved in a small quantity of sweet oil over a candle and cooled is an excellent remedy for chapped hands.

Snow-flake Cake.—Half a cupful of butter, one and a half of sugar, two of pastry flour, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, the whites of five eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, or a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder and the juice of a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, gradually add the sugar, then the lemon and, when very light, the milk and the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; then the flour, in which the soda and cream of tartar are well mixed. Bake in sheets in a moderate oven. When nearly cool frost with frosting made from the whites of three eggs, two large cupfuls of powdered sugar, half a grated cocoanut and the juice of half a lemon. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add the sugar gradually, and the lemon and cocoanut. Put a layer of frosting on one sheet of the cake. Place the other sheet on this and cover with frosting. Set in a cool place to harden.


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Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (24th and Chestnut sts., 6.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

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11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

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ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

2.55, 5.20, 9.20, 11.55 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m, Sundays, 2.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pilot or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.05, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Round Brook, week-days, 4.32 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 2.55, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.30 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.09 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.30 for Reading and Pottsville.
8 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
9.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

## FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 11.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 5 m, 2.00, 4.30 p m

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 6.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 6.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 1.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 832 Chestnut street, 600 South Third street, and 18 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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